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WAR LIES
By Kingsley Martin

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE "defence debate" on Wednesday sounded once more the old cry: *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* War may not be imminent, but German re-armament is a fact, a dangerous fact, and it is proceeding steadily day by day. Mr. Churchill drew a terrifying picture of what may happen in a year or two's time, when the German forces have become strong enough for a swift and devastating attack. Mr. Baldwin deprecated panic and exaggerations; but he agreed that the danger was serious and that we must be "prepared." And preparation means, first and foremost, increases in the Air Force which will bring its total strength up to 117 squadrons in the spring of 1936. It is a lamentable outcome of years of struggle for strengthening the machinery of international peace; and it is an outcome for which the follies of the dominant European Powers themselves are largely responsible. But it's useless to cry over spilt milk. Those who want peace (which means 99.9 per cent. of the people of this country at least) must put their hopes in renewed efforts to control the forces of mischief.

"The Veil of Secrecy"

Mr. Baldwin made an eloquent appeal to Germany to drop the veil of secrecy which so intensifies the alarm her re-armament is causing to her neighbours. It is an appeal which in present circumstances many, if not most, Germans will greet with sardonic laughter. But it will have far greater force if the circumstances are changed—if, instead of twiddling our thumbs while Germany re-arms, we address ourselves resolutely to the German problem. Germany demands—and is taking—"equality." We should be wise to recognise that as a *fait accompli*, but make our recognition subject to her accepting a control of armament manufacture which will apply to all alike, and the full publicity which that must involve. It is idle to pretend that this has been honestly proposed and rejected in the past. It has not. If Germany refuses fair terms fairly offered, then she will stand self-condemned, and other countries will be on strong ground in using what pressure they can to stop her forcing a mad race in armaments. The best hope is that internal conflict in Germany will disrupt the present impossible regime. But the next move is with us, not with the Germans. Mr. Baldwin says that the National Government has not even now given up hope of the reduction of arms all round. Let them then take some steps, less paradoxical than increasing our own armaments, to make reduction possible.

Bigger Navies

Japan's latest move is an invitation to France and Italy to join with her in denouncing the Washington Naval Treaty. We do not expect the answer to be favourable. Though neither the French nor the Italians have any particular love for the Treaty, they have nothing to gain by tying

themselves up with the Japanese claims. It would not suit them from a diplomatic point of view, and Italy can ill afford to be drawn into an intenser naval competition with France. The French, for their part, still hanker after their principle of a two-power standard—that is, that their navy should be equal to those of Italy and Germany together. The Washington Treaty keeps them below this standard; and the Italian plans for two new 35,000 tonners and Germany's pocket battleships have added to their uneasiness. M. Pietri, the Minister of Marine, made a solemn plea on Tuesday for a stronger navy (it was now 30 per cent. below its pre-war tonnage, he said), and the Chamber voted him, without a division, another three thousand million francs, or nearly £40,000,000—as well as about £20,000,000 extra for the air force. It is a poor outlook for limitation, let alone reductions, alike in Asia, America and Europe.

The India Report

The Diehard attack on the Government's Indian Bill is not likely to be formidable. Lord Salisbury's leadership will doubtless give it an air of great respectability, and Mr. Churchill and other lieutenants in the Commons may be counted on to supply fireworks. But the "safeguards" for law and order introduced by the Joint Select Committee are surely ample enough to satisfy any but the most timid or the most perverse of Tories. They are, of course, far too ample for the Labour Party. But the Labour Party, critical as it may be, will not join the Diehards for the purpose of wrecking a measure which at least gives India an instalment of freedom, and of leaving a *damnosa hæreditas* for itself when it comes into office again. In India the Report has naturally had a bad reception on all sides. Congress will persist in its opposition; it is not so certain that all the Moderates and Liberals and Moslems will remain implacable. To prophesy at this stage would be foolish; but the odds are that the new Constitution will be approved by Parliament, and that it will be got to work, for what it is worth, in India.

Hungary and Jugoslavia

The Hungarian Government have responded promptly to the presentation of the Jugoslav memorandum accusing them of responsibility for the murder of King Alexander. They hotly repudiate the charge, and demand that it shall be dealt with at once by the Council of the League. It is certainly desirable that there should be no delay, now that the quarrel has reached this point. It is a danger-point. Czechoslovakia and Rumania are supporting Jugoslavia; Italy is ranged with Hungary, and Austria and Bulgaria, both in a greater or lesser degree under Italian influence, are on the same side. This alignment of forces must continue to breed bad blood, not only among the Central European States, but between Italy and France, whose relations are a matter of the first importance. Deplorable as the situation is, however, it is going too far to draw a parallel between the Marseilles and the Serajevo murders. The Europe of to-day is not the Europe of 1914, and there is an international tribunal for dealing with this dispute. Weak as the League has proved to be in the past, it still counts, and its writ still runs among the disputants.

M. Flandin's Economic Policy

M. Flandin, in a broadcast speech on Tuesday, defined the new French Government's economic policy. Though M. Marquet is no longer in the Government, his scheme of public works for the provision of employment is to be carried through. Further, M. Flandin announced his intention to launch a scheme for the nationalisation of industry; but his words make it plain that what he had mainly in mind was a plan for the concerted restriction of output. Indeed, he said explicitly that "in the present cycle of human affairs and in France production must be adapted to consumption," and not *vice versa*. M. Flandin went on to say that he considered the deflationary phase in France to be now almost over, as French prices had already been largely accommodated to world prices reckoned in gold—a view which it is not easy to reconcile with the available index figures, though undoubtedly the lowering of French prices has gone a considerable distance. For the change from deflation to inflation M. Flandin apparently puts his trust in a revival of business confidence, leading to the emergence of hoarded funds and to a fall in the long-term rates of interest. Externally, he favours in theory a more liberal commercial regime, but holds out no present hope that trade restrictions are likely to be modified. He remains, of course, an adherent of the gold standard at the existing parity; but he had less to say on this than might have been expected. In general, his speech indicates that French economic policy will not for the present be much affected by the change of Government.

Attaboy!

Another step has just been taken in the process of westernising Turkey, so ruthlessly pursued by the Ghazi. Sultans and Caliphs have long been as extinct as the Dodo. Women have been emancipated. The bowler hat has supplanted the fez. Quite recently a ban was pronounced on Turkish music, which, in the opinion of some, is too enervating, and, as others aver, unduly stimulates the tastes for alcoholic liquor. The latest reform is the abolition of titles and the compulsory adoption of surnames. There are to be no more Agas, Pashas, Beys, Effendis, Khanums, and Hajjis, in the Turkish Republic; the only appellation left is "Bay" for the male citizen, and "Bayan" for his wife—as you might say Monsieur or Madame in France. The invention of patronymics may call for a little imagination among the general population; the great ones are provided for by the State. For the Ghazi a special law has been passed by the Grand National Assembly, endowing him with the surname of "Ataturk," which vulgarly translated means "Boss Turk." Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister, becomes "Ineunu" by presidential decree. In England—where we think we know how to blend democracy with class distinctions—these efforts at egalitarianism will provoke a smile. But a closer scrutiny of what the Turks are doing may suggest that it is not all affectation.

Poulticing the Sore

The text of the Government Bill for setting up two Commissions for the depressed areas—for England and Wales and Scotland respectively—throws little fresh light on what the Commissioners are expected to do with their

£2,000,000 or such sum as Parliament may subsequently put at their disposal. They are precluded from giving subsidies to profit-making enterprises, or to local authorities in relief of rates; but they may help non-profit-making enterprises on behalf of the unemployed, or similar services provided by local authorities without grant aid from central funds. They are evidently expected to be active in providing small holdings, and in forwarding types of salvage work designed to take unemployed persons wholly or partly off public assistance. Their main work is clearly intended to be salvage and palliative, and not economic development. They are to relieve the unemployed in new ways, and not to get them back to normal work. The whole scheme is thus seen to be essentially a minor affair. The Commissioners may think of a number of useful things to do and they may make a number of people less wretched, but they are precluded from even attempting to solve the problem of the depressed areas. Mr. Macmillan, whose trenchant attack on the Government for its do-nothing attitude was the best speech in the Commons debate on the problem, is by no means the only Conservative who feels that it is high time for something more than this poulticing of sore places; but the Government will have nothing to do with his projects for the scientific replanning of industry.

Relief Machinery in London

The L.C.C.'s new plan for administering Public Assistance seems to us to be fundamentally sound. The existing method of trusting to a host of voluntary sub-committees with constantly changing membership and inevitably wide differences of policy and outlook is bound to be unsatisfactory—even more so than the old Guardians' system, for the personnel is now not elected, but arbitrarily chosen by the local authority, and there is great difficulty in finding enough suitable persons to do the work. Mr. Morrison's plan is that the main work of administration should be taken over by a body of salaried officers, acting under central direction, and that the local committees, reduced in number and personnel, should be used only for appeals in doubtful cases. There are to be small area committees to co-ordinate the work of the district bodies. The new "adjudicating officers" are clearly meant to be men of high capacity and status, acting as servants of the L.C.C. itself rather than of the area or district committees, and thus able to achieve a greater uniformity of policy and practice under the Council's direction. There will probably be some opposition both from Conservative and from Socialist quarters. But it is plainly desirable in the public interest to have as much uniformity as can be reconciled with fair consideration of individual cases; and this Mr. Morrison's plan should bring about.

Towards Shorter Hours

Sir Richard Redmayne's report on the results of the shorter working week at Messrs. Boots' Nottingham factory has given rise to an interesting controversy. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, who has an honourable record for looking at industry from the workers' point of view as well as his own, endorses what Sir Richard Redmayne has said about the possibilities of reducing hours with little or no effect on total output or on costs of production. On the other hand, employers in the engineering and textile trades express scepticism about their ability to reduce hours without a serious rise in costs. Obviously there are big differences from industry to industry. As Mr. Rowntree points out, the best results, from the standpoint of output, are to be expected in cases where the amount produced depends most on the workers' personal efforts. Workers, on his evidence, improve in health and work faster and with less loss of time where hours have been shortened. Where the machine sets a pace to which the worker has to conform, shorter hours necessarily involve some reduction in output; but, as Mr. Rowntree says, in many such cases a rise in hourly wages will be less felt because, owing to intensive mechanisation, wages form a smaller part of total costs of production. Certainly the field within which hours can be reduced without seriously raising costs is much wider than has yet been generally appreciated. But, as the *Economist* rightly points out, the more output is maintained with a shorter working week, the less absorption of the unemployed will there be as a result. That is no reason for not reducing hours; but it is a reason for not linking hours reduction and unemployment too closely together.

Confusion Worse Confounded

The Government's efforts to regulate the affairs of dog racing and to bring a little order into the chaos of our gaming laws have made the position about lotteries more bewildering than ever. The one thing which it seemed clear the Government intended about lotteries was to strike a mortal blow at the Irish Sweepstake; yet to the astonishment of everyone—including, it seems, some Ministers—when the Bill is passed the Home Secretary declares that nothing in it forbids the purchase of Irish Sweepstake tickets. But Sir John Gilmour is not to be defeated by a little thing like that. The public has a legal right to buy tickets, but it shall not be allowed to exercise that right if he can help it. It was, he says, "the intention of Parliament" to prevent the sale of tickets. Therefore the Post Office will be told to sequestrate all letters containing an order for tickets. In other words, though it is legal to buy a ticket, you cannot in practice be sure of getting one unless you pay a personal visit to Dublin and buy it on the spot. This sort of nonsense will cost the Government thousands of good Tory votes. What right has the Home Secretary to decide for himself what was or was not "the intention of Parliament"? Parliament's intentions are presumably expressed in the legislation which it has just sanctioned. Such a precedent might be dangerous if it were not so comic. And what has the Postmaster-General to say?

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Christmas Books Supplement. In addition to a specially interesting selection of reviews, the Supplement will include a story, and articles designed to act as a guide among this year's Christmas books for children by Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy, H. E. Bates, Frank Morley, Barrington Gates and others. There will also be an article commemorating the centenary of the hansom cab.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

SIMON SAYS

THE spectacle of a Cabinet Minister eating his words with a wry smile and the minimum of ostentation is not so very uncommon, but Sir John Simon's *volte-face* last Thursday was something of a novelty. He ate his words with gusto, apologised for his last speech, described its effect as "unfortunate" and prepared our minds for a complete change of front. He had refused an inquiry; now he would grant one. And then came the joke. He was not really changing his front at all. The inquiry was only to be an inquiry in a purely Pickwickian—or perhaps we should say Pecksniffian—sense. It is to give an impartial report on facts which it is not to be allowed to consider.

It was because we thought such an upshot likely that we said in a leading article a few weeks ago that we expected the Government to offer an inquiry and that we hoped that it would not. We anticipated pressure from National Government candidates, who need a platform answer when they are tackled about the private manufacture of arms, and we were aware that the Government would discover the dangerous political implications of the peace ballot, which it has since tried to discredit, thereby making things much worse for itself. Neither the arms agitation nor the peace ballot were conceived as political manoeuvres, but the Government has turned them against itself by defending the arms firms and cold-shouldering the League of Nations. Having got himself into this mess, the easiest course for Sir John, if he was really determined to look after the interests of armament manufacturers, was to set up a bogus inquiry which would put the whole topic *sub judice*. And that is precisely what he has offered.

Some of Sir John's remarks were almost Prime Ministerial in their obscurity, but after reading and re-reading his speech we conclude that he favours an inquiry—he did not say of what kind—under three heads. About the first and second he was unambiguous. The inquiry is to ask whether a monopoly of arms manufacture is practicable or desirable. Now, Sir John has already explained at great length that it is neither, and it does not need a K.C. to convince us that genuinely to internationalise the arms industry would require a large amount of socialisation, and that to convince a commission of inquiry set up by the present Government that socialisation is desirable would be quite impossible unless it is permitted either to inquire into the evils of the present system or to accept as already proven the scandals that have been exposed in the United States inquiry. But as both the Prime Minister and Sir John have asserted in the roundest terms that we are not to have any "roving" or "fishing" inquiry, Sir John and the arms manufacturers are therefore perfectly safe. The report is prejudged.

The second matter which this precious inquiry is to investigate is whether the existing system of licensing control is adequate, whether it is open to evasion and whether, if such a system were generally applied by other countries, it would prove a remedy for evils which, Sir John suggests, do not really exist. Again, even the average elector can see that such an inquiry would be a farce unless it has access, as the United States Senators had, to letters which show the efforts made to evade Government embargoes on exports to belligerent countries. But to inquire into the intricacies of triangular selling would be "fishing."

Sir John himself admitted that he had difficulty in explaining with precision the third object of the inquiry. The problem, he said, that was "gravely exercising many minds"—the minds of "thoughtful people, decent people"—was "the possibility that demands for arms may be stimulated by means of improper pressure." He said that it would be "very improper" to include this problem "within the scope of the report which we might hope to get." Nevertheless, he would like to be "informed by a responsible and impartial report whether the undoubted opportunities which the system of private manufacture may afford in some cases, and in some parts of the world, for improper pressure could be dealt with more effectively through State action." He added by way of reassurance to British manufacturers that it would be very unjust to imply that "there is something in their business which essentially makes undesirable methods their practice and still less their monopoly." All the same, he would like to know whether "there is anything which could be done to limit abuses which may be incidental to the manufacture of arms."

What are we to make of this hotch-potch? Something that could have been said very shortly and very simply. Sir John surely meant that the United States inquiry and various scandals that could not be hushed up have shown that armament rings commonly stimulate sales, and incidentally foment wars between rival nations, by bribing officials, more particularly in small and politically backward countries, and that he is quite determined that the part which British firms are alleged to play in such marketing methods should not be investigated. But, since it is undeniable that such methods are used, he is prepared for an inquiry to suggest remedies for this evil which he insists must in the case of British firms be regarded as hypothetical. The idea is original—an inquiry to find a remedy for disease into which it may not inquire and the existence of which it must not formally admit.

Not much more need be said about Sir John's inquiry. The *Times* is quite happy about it. "There is no suggestion," it writes, "that the past activities of armament firms or the accounts of individual firms shall be examined." Nobody is going to ask awkward questions about which newspapers have had arms agents as their foreign correspondents or whether any newspaper magnates have armament shares. No one is going to investigate the relations of armament agents with officials in foreign countries or to inquire into the semi-official and semi-secret association of Government servants with armament experts and salesmen. There is no danger that the profit will be taken out of the traffic in arms, no fear even that Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Addison will have a chance to explain how, when the crisis came, private manufacture proved so inadequate to the task of sudden expansion, which is always claimed as its special merit, that it was not until the State ran the industry that our soldiers were provided with a proper supply of shells.

No, the proposed inquiry seems quite safe. It may have the advantage of side-tracking public attention to the incidentals of the traffic and away from the main issues, and it provides a way of putting off agitators like Lord Cecil and misguided pacifists like the organisers of the peace ballot. Perhaps we may understand this inquiry

best in the light of Lord Eustace Percy's complaint about "this deplorable peace propaganda." "What," he asked, "has the Foreign Secretary's Department been doing to counteract that propaganda and put the other side to the country?" "Well," Sir John may now reply, "I have promised an inquiry into the arms trade. It will not inquire into anything, but it may keep some fools quiet."

FOOD

THE noble art of inducing scarcity has many votaries in these days, and none more enthusiastic than those who suffer from the unwelcome bounties of nature. All over the world agricultural producers pray that drought may ruin other people's crops, destroy other people's flocks and herds, and thus, beneficently, "valorise" their own products. Governments come to the aid of drought, using artificial means to put land out of cultivation, or to buy produce which they do not want in order to hold it off a glutted market. But, meanwhile, other Governments, by means of tariffs, quotas and embargoes of a hundred different kinds, of marketing schemes, and of direct subsidies to the producers, are busy increasing agricultural output within their own frontiers, in the hope both of rectifying the "balance of trade" and of improving their prospects of security in a world given over to rearmament in readiness for the next great war.

Naturally, different countries view the situation in very different lights. We, as the chief import market in the world for foodstuffs and one of the most important markets for other agricultural materials, were concerned to defend our policy of restricting, by tariffs and quotas, the quantities of agricultural produce we are prepared to receive from the rest of the world. The Americans, on the other hand, are primarily exporters of agricultural goods, and are therefore disposed to look at the problem from a very different point of view. As the United States Secretary for Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, has recognised from the first, America must either find expanding markets abroad for the products of her agriculture or severely restrict the acreage under several of the principal crops, notably cotton. The Americans have accordingly an interest in lowering to the greatest possible extent the barriers in the way of agricultural exports, whereas British policy has aimed at the least at preventing a decline in home agricultural production, and therefore at limiting the quantity of food imports in such a way as to secure for the home farmers a satisfactory standard of life.

The policy which Mr. Elliot has been following here, with the object of maintaining or extending agricultural production, has, of course, been pushed very much further in a number of continental countries. According to figures published recently by the International Labour Office, the price of bread was, towards the end of last year, four times as high in Germany as in Great Britain, and in a number of other European countries two or three times as high. The Germans, largely from military motives, but also with the aim of solidifying peasant support of the Nazi regime and of lessening their exchange difficulties, have forced up home production of foodstuffs to a very high point, regardless of the effects of this policy on the cost of living for the urban workers. Only in less degree many other countries, notably the Scandinavian countries and Holland, Italy and France, have deliberately forced up the prices of wheat and other primary foodstuffs in order to protect their farming populations against the effects of the calamitous fall in world prices. In the case of Great Britain, protection of the home producers has not yet advanced to the point of seriously raising the all-round cost of living. But even here protectionism has gone to lengths which would have seemed impossible a few years ago, in a country which has for nearly a century regarded cheap food as indispensable.

In almost all the importing countries agrarian protectionism has already been pushed to considerable lengths; for in all the highly industrialised parts of the world the free importation of foodstuffs has threatened to involve the ruin of the home agricultural producers. Our wheat scheme was doubtless designed to do no more than prevent a fall in British wheat production in view of the sharp decrease in world prices; though in fact, by subsidising the production of wheat, but not of other cereals, it has given the farmer an incentive to divert acreage from barley and other cereal crops to wheat, despite the existence in the great wheat-exporting countries of large unsold stocks of raw produce, and also of clear signs that wheat is of all commodities that of which world supply is most likely to outrun world demand.

In the case of wheat, however, we in Great Britain have gone much less far than many other countries in encouraging uneconomic production. This is natural; for wheat is, of all forms of agricultural produce, except sugar-beet, that of which we are worst situated for expanding our domestic output. In the case of wheat, we have at least provided that the subsidy paid to the home producers shall be limited in total amount, so that any increase in output automatically reduces the amount of the subsidy payable in respect of each unit of production. Within these limits, we have been able to give the British wheat producer a substantial bonus, without adding very materially to the British cost of living. But this has been practicable only because the wheat produced at home forms a small part of total domestic consumption, so that even a small levy on imports is enough to provide a large subsidy to the home producer. The position is very different when we attempt to afford similar advantages to the producers of bacon or other kinds of meat; for in these cases, as a much larger proportion of the total quantity consumed is produced at home, a far heavier levy on imports would be needed to give the domestic producer a subsidy sufficient to enable him to earn a satisfactory profit.

We have, however, barred to ourselves the extended use of the "wheat" method of levies on imports—for that is what the so-called wheat "quota" really amounts to—by the Ottawa Agreements and by other international undertakings into which we have entered. We have accordingly been driven to the use of the import quota (a very different thing from the so-called wheat "quota") as a method of securing a market for the home producer. For bacon and for other kinds of meat this quota system is at present operating in a quite fantastic way. Mr. Elliot limits the quantities of meat which foreign producers are allowed to send into the British market, and thus raises the prices which home producers are able to command far above the world level. But, in "quotaing" the foreign exporters, he also enables them, or the importers who handle their produce, to command for their goods the same higher prices as are secured to the British producers. The consequence is that the consumers in this country have to pay a much higher price for the entire supply on the market, and that the overseas producers, or the middlemen who are able to intercept the resulting profit, are actually selling a greatly decreased quantity of imports at a higher total price than they were previously receiving for a much larger supply. This is not wholly evil where the resulting advantage accrues to the foreign producer—for example in Denmark, where the right to export bacon to Great Britain can now be sold at a substantial price; but there is no redeeming feature where, as in the case of meat from the Argentine, the advantage is intercepted by middlemen at the expense of both the native producers and the British consumers of imported meat.

The entire system of quotas and restrictions on imports, both in Great Britain and in most continental countries, is clearly disadvantageous both to consumers and to those countries which have relied hitherto on finding in industrial Europe an expanding market for their exports of foodstuffs and agricultural materials. To some extent, the troubles of these exporting countries are inevitable, in view of the declining birth-rates in Western Europe and the resulting diminution

in the rate of expansion of demand for primary agricultural products. But artificial restrictions have greatly aggravated for the agricultural countries what must in any event have been a very difficult problem of economic adjustment. It is, from any economic point of view, sheerly absurd that Western Europe, after lending the newer countries the money which has enabled them to expand cheap agricultural production, should turn round upon them and insist, despite a falling rate of expansion in total demand, on stimulating the home production of agriculture at far higher costs than those at which the products can be imported from these newer countries.

But, as everyone knows, the motives behind the protective agrarianism of Western Europe are only in part economic. They are also largely military, designed to secure self-sufficiency in food supply in face of a possible war, and partly political, designed to enlist the support of the agriculturists for the Governments in power. It is, even apart from military considerations, natural enough that Governments, in face of the sharp fall in agricultural prices, should endeavour to protect home agriculture to the extent required to prevent land from going out of cultivation, the countryside from being depopulated, and landlords and creditors from being unable to collect rents and mortgage interest from impoverished tenants. But, in fact, agrarian protectionism has gone far beyond this protection of existing claims and interests. In our own case, the wheat "quota" may be defensible as a measure for preventing wheat land from going out of use—though it has, in fact, encouraged the diversion of acreage from barley to wheat. But our bacon policy and our meat policy generally stand on a different footing. They threaten seriously to penalise the home consumer; and they are prevented from reacting disastrously upon the exporting countries only because we are at present, half deliberately, paying an excessive price for decreased quantities of imports.

It is certain that this policy cannot continue without provoking either a revolt among consumers or a demand by the workers for higher wages in order to meet the rising cost of living. But as soon as we stop paying excessive prices for our "quota-ed" imports, what is to happen to the producers in the exporting countries? Selling little at a low price, they will be reduced to beggary, and unable to buy the manufactured goods which we have to sell. World trade will decline yet further; and the export industries in the industrial countries will be the chief sufferers. There is no escape from this dilemma by means of a policy of output restriction, though that seems still to be much in the minds of many of the leaders of agricultural opinion. The only way of escape is through a large expansion in total consumption of agricultural produce.

It is often urged that this is out of the question, because as standards of living rise men spend a smaller part of their incomes upon food, and especially on primary foodstuffs, such as wheat. It is true that the higher a man's standard of life is, the smaller proportion of his income usually goes on food. But, despite this fact, there is plenty of room for an expansion of many forms of demand for agricultural produce. As Lord De La Warr has pointed out, "over the past four years of depression we in Great Britain have actually consumed 40 per cent. more butter, 31 per cent. more eggs, 35 per cent. more poultry, and 25 per cent. more fruit than four years ago." The hope for agriculture clearly lies in encouraging this tendency to increased consumption of superior foodstuffs; but the policy of artificially raising the prices of such goods is bound to discourage consumption, and therefore to defeat its own objects. Statesmen will be best employed if, instead of trying to devise methods of restricting total production or of persuading the importing countries to accept more foreign produce at the expense of their own farmers, they consider by what means the consumption of foodstuffs can be most rapidly expanded, and the agriculture of the world adapted to a condition of demand in which the opportunities for increased output are mainly in the field open to mixed and highly specialised kinds of farming, and hardly at all in the old staples, such as wheat and meat.

A LONDON DIARY

I CHUCKLED when I read the characteristic *Times* leader winding up the Passchendaele controversy. The *Times* and Professor Temperley are, of course, right in saying that "history must decide" and that new documents may tone down the blacks and whites of the picture as we have it now. But it is only fair to Mr. Lloyd George to point out two things: first, that he has scored heavily against each of the assailants who have so far dared to attack him. His daily letters have been a remarkable journalistic feat. He has just taken each of these generals, rolled them up in their own arguments and sat on them. And, secondly, too much is made of the fact that Haig is dead. Some of Mr. Lloyd George's most damaging accusations are directed not against Haig, but against his immediate advisers who are still alive. Mr. Lloyd George has not minced his words. If his bitter phrases are not justified, why has no one of his victims taken legal action against him?

* * *

The Lord Chancellor has set up an inquiry into the law's delays—or rather into a few of them. The serious matter which this inquiry of limited scope could consider is the question of transferring some of the congested business now cumbering the High Court to the County Courts. But there are no County Court representatives on the Commission, and it seems optimistic to expect successful barristers to look without bias at a proposal to diminish the work of the High Court. And while he is about it, why does not the Lord Chancellor inquire into the even more pressing questions of the ludicrous costs of litigation?

* * *

A blank space appeared in the correspondence columns of the issue of *The Friend* for November 23rd. Under the heading "Friends and the Forces," the following note has been inserted:

> At the request of the printers we are withholding a letter which we proposed to publish under this title because they feel it may make them liable to penalties under the new Incitement to Disaffection Act. We fully appreciate the difficulties of a printer's position under the conditions which prevail since the Act was passed a week ago.
>
> The letter dealt with a concern which a Friend wished to lay before his fellow-members through these pages for bringing before officers and men of the Forces a plain statement of the Quaker peace position.—Editor.

Perhaps the Attorney-General will now apologise. How many times has he asserted that his Act was only aimed at agitators who threw leaflets over the walls of barracks and that it would not affect the non-revolutionary pacifist? I have no doubt that Sir Thomas Inskip is honestly muddle-headed. Since he himself would never dream of proceeding against the organ of the Society of Friends for allowing a correspondent to discuss his religious duty, he assumes that his Act will not interfere with any such discussion. Of course, the printer is unnecessarily timorous. But that has been the most dangerous aspect of the measure from the beginning. The printer is obviously within his legal rights; he is entitled to refuse to run even a theoretical risk. And for one blank space which shows up the existence of a censorship, there must be a score of cases of suppression of legitimate opinions in books or newspapers which the public never hears of at all.

* * *

The Exhibition of Soviet Graphic Art at the Bloomsbury Gallery impressed me enormously by the gaiety expressed in most of the exhibits. Whoever has a bad time in Russia, it evidently is not the painters. The pressure upon them to produce propagandist and "proletarian" art must be over. There is little sign of the idolatry of the machine for its own sake, but a lively response to what the machine, by increasing leisure, can make more widely available, the beauty of the visible world, its variety and fun. (There are charming

water-colours of a school for training circus-performers, an institution which I never suspected to exist in the U.S.S.R.) Many of the exhibits are engravings for finely illustrated books, and I was interested to notice among these translations of Homer, Dante, The Arabian Nights, Sir Thomas More, Rabelais, Smollett, Fielding, Rousseau, Byron, Dickens, Heine, Béranger, Darwin (*The Voyage of the Beagle*), Mérimée, Longfellow, Wölfflin, Victor Hugo and Anatole France. There were also portraits of Hogarth, Diderot, Prudhon (not Proudhon), Géricault, Balzac, Picasso and Matisse. (Evidently the magnificent collection of modern French pictures in Moscow has been an inspiration to the young Russians.) Bekteev and Deineka seemed to me the most remarkable of the artists exhibiting, and most of the others show great taste, but it is the general *joie de vivre* in their work which seems to me so significant—nothing could be less standardised or gloomy. Unluckily the Exhibition closes this Friday, but there is just time for me to recommend a visit.

* * *

I am sorry to see from a notice inserted in the current issue of *Essential News* that the paper is likely to cease publication at the end of this year. The announcement adds that Mr. Jonathan Griffin, who has personally financed it so far, is no longer able to do so; that its weekly circulation is now 900 copies and that at its present rate of growth it would become self-supporting in another two years. Any reader who is sufficiently interested to think *Essential News* worth saving has an opportunity to keep it alive if he cares to communicate with the Editor at 18 Gordon Square, W.C.1. For my part I very much hope enough of its readers will club together to keep and enlarge *Essential News*. Its extracts from the world's press summarise the foreign and sometimes the home news in a way attempted by no other English paper. And the job has been done with increasing skill. Recent summaries of the Austrian situation; of the Arms Traffic controversy; of the growth of Fascism in France; and of the background of the Gresford Colliery disaster have been extremely valuable. A paper of this kind is badly needed.

* * *

The other evening I came into Victoria station at 10 o'clock. I went to the lavishly supplied and well-arranged fruit shop in the entrance hall. Two people were in charge. "I want a Cox." Said the girl, "A Cox to eat in the train?" Instead of replying simply yes, I was taken aback and said, "No, I've just come off the train." "Then I can't serve you." "Can't you serve me with any fruit?" "No, none at all." Then I remembered. "But I am going on a train; by the Underground." "That won't do: you must be going from this station, by the Southern." I was not spry enough to cross-examine her and ask what would have happened to me or her if I had lied at the beginning and then been caught eating my Cox outside the station. As it was, I kept my dignity, saying, I hope impressively, "I shall write to the NEW STATESMAN about it!"

* * *

Apropos of my recent note about the financial advantages of "not raising hogs," a correspondent writes to say that not raising hops is almost as good. A friend purchased two hop kilns and some land on the borders of Kent. He altered a kiln into a dwelling house and started a hen farm. A month ago he received a letter offering £130 for his "hop quota." He did not answer, and a week later was offered £300. Consulting a lawyer, who counselled delay, he has now disposed of his "quota" for a sum of £800.

* * *

We all mix our metaphors at times. Lady Oxford will, I hope, forgive me for quoting the following somewhat surprising image from her article on Joseph Chamberlain in the *Sunday Despatch* of November 25th:

> Joseph Chamberlain was a remarkable speaker. . . . However passionately he felt the cause he was expounding, he had the rare distinction of *piling moderation upon moderation till he built an edifice which cut the ground from under the feet of his opponents.* CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. Herbert E. Jonas.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Altar rush week starts to-day! £2,000,000 worth of marriages—flowers—cakes—dresses—jewellery! Down the aisle trip 15,000 commoners—maybe 20,000—some willing, some reluctant, but all victims of this LOVE BOOM WEEK. Peak-day is Thursday—Royal Wedding Day.—*Daily Mirror.*

The Bishop of London announces that, as next Thursday is the day of the Royal Wedding, he grants dispensation for this occasion to those of the churchpeople of his diocese who would otherwise feel bound to fast on the Vigil of Saint Andrew.—*Times.*

"She replied, 'I have worked all my life, and I do not mind dying.'
"I said, 'What about your husband?' But she shrugged her shoulders and said that as long as she was with Jesus it did not matter."
The Coroner: If that sentiment were more widely spread it would be most unfortunate.—*Daily Herald.*

Sir,—I wonder if it is realised what far reaching effects the supplying of milk to the school-children is having. Hundreds of small shopkeepers are struggling against the heavy loss of turnover caused by the halfpennies being taken to school for milk, instead of being spent at the small shop for sweets. . . . Confectionery has to be manufactured and therefore creates employment, and it is certain that some manufacturers will have to work short time and shopkeepers to close down, with the consequential loss of rates, if this milk supply becomes established. . . . Shopkeepers and all affected should write to their M.P.s about it. It hardly seems fair that the surplus milk should be dumped to the detriment of the already hard hit shopkeepers.—Letter in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

The rustle of a curtsey from the hundreds of peeresses is sibilant in the stillness.—*Evening Standard.*

A large crowd of women who, prevented from approaching the platform, had been disappointed of a view of the Princess, watched her luggage being collected and placed in a brake. Many of them leant forward and touched the "M," with which the pieces of baggage were monogrammed, with their hands.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Face Confidence.—A Red Nose is a distinct drawback to your appearance and may have an *adverse* effect on your business prospects. The only reliable method of treatment which will permanently correct this condition is given by . . . —Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

Live monkeys, various weights, from a guinea an ounce, from 2 ounces upwards.—Advt. in *Times.*

The Duke of Kent and Princess Marina like captives fettered to the oars of fame, living in a smoke screen of limelight . . . . —Viscount Castlerosse in *Daily Express.*

Everyone knows that the okwapi is a member of the *giraffidae* family, and that he has a head intermediate between the giraffe and the prehistoric samotherium of the Lower Pliocene of Europe . . . —*The Observer.*

The first full account of the battle (Jutland) published by the British authorities was of a technical kind which conveyed little to the general public; and it has taken years to piece together the facts, from the British point of view.—*Illustrated London News.*

Are we as a nation becoming meaner, as well as less chivalrous? Three times during the last six days I have boarded a bus with a pound note in my pocket. The conductor never has enough change, but no passenger has offered to pay my penny for me. This has never happened to me before.—Letter in *Daily Sketch.*

In a further announcement the Lord Chamberlain states that gentlemen invited to the wedding who do not possess uniform or Court dress should wear evening dress with trousers.—*Times.*

THE TRICK QUESTIONER

A WITNESS in a London court, one day during the week, was asked what his occupation was, and replied: "I am a trick questioner at meetings." I have heard many trick questions asked at meetings, but until the present week I had always regarded the asking of them as a hobby rather than as an all-time profession. After all, meetings last but a short time, and of that time only a small portion can be allotted to questions. It should be possible for a man to do an ordinary day's work and yet at the end of it to have enough energy left to concoct a few posers for the embarrassment of a public speaker. And yet it may be that the true artist in questioning needs to conserve his vitality for the one great purpose for which he was born. I once knew a man who invented slogans —and questions must be at least as difficult to invent as slogans —and he told me that he did his best work sitting in a garden in a deck-chair and smoking, getting up now and then to play with his dog. Anybody seeing him, he declared, would have thought that he was idling, but he was really getting himself into a receptive mood, so as to be ready to recognise the right slogan when it floated into his consciousness. Sometimes he would sit in his deck-chair for three days on end with no result to show for his work. Then suddenly the masterpiece would come into being and stamp itself in letters of gold on his imagination. It was his theory that it was better to take a month inventing one good phrase, such as "Beer is best," than to keep doing one bogus day's work after another pouring out slogans that no business would have benefited by. And was he not right? Is not "Beer is best," the best thing that has been said about beer in modern times? It has made all other slogans about beer unnecessary for a generation. The man who invented it may not have worked harder than other slogan-writers, but he worked to better effect.

May it not be that the trick questioner is in much the same case as the slogan-writer? He, too, I fancy, needs spacious hours in which to achieve perfection in his art. Quality, rather than quantity, of questions is his aim. He knows that nine out of ten questions are feeble and merely give the speaker an opportunity for crushing retort. What he is in pursuit of is a trick question that even the trickiest speaker will be unable to answer without giving his case away—a question that, as he asks it, makes the questioner feel like crying out in his elation: "Got him!" No one can have attended many street-corner meetings without coming to the conclusion that there must be a large semi-secret society of trick questioners in existence. Some of them are atheists, some of them are Christians: some of them are Communists, some of them are Tories. The one thing they have in common is a passion for asking questions and for disagreeing with the answers.

I sometimes wonder whether there is not a professional trick questioner somewhere in the background who invents questions impartially for men of all creeds and sells them to loquacious frequenters of meetings at a few pence apiece. There is no reason why a man of broad and inventive mind should not be able to supply both Christians and atheists with new variations of the old posers. There has never yet been an argument in which either side was invulnerable; and, apart from this, there was never a speaker on any side who did not betray himself into fallacies. On the other hand, most of the questions put at street-corner meetings are of much the same pattern. The atheist questioner asks the Christian: "You say God created man; then who created God?" That question has often proved effective before an audience that did not distinguish between time and eternity; and the Christian questioner has posers up his sleeve that are equally effective. On the whole, however, the answerer has usually the better of the battle. He is trained in giving specious answers that evade rather than meet the questions. If the worst comes to the worst he can always say "Next please!" on the pretence that he must be fair to other members of the audience who have questions to ask him. Or he can turn the thing aside with a joke. I remember during a Free Trade election hearing a stump orator heckled by a questioner who wanted to know about the effect of Protection on the hop industry. After he had given one evasive answer after another, and the questioner persisted in talking about hops, the speaker pointed his finger at him and said: "Oh, you, 'op it!" That retort was worth a ton of argument. The audience of Shakespeare's countrymen roared with laughter, and the discomfited hop-lover was silenced for the rest of the meeting.

It would, I imagine, pay a stump orator to hire a trick questioner to attend his meetings and to ply him with questions that opened the way for crushing answers and ingenious retorts. The audience at an open-air meeting, especially in London, is clearly in search of drama rather than truth, and there is no reason why the drama of question and answer should not be prepared for as carefully as a play in the theatre. The stump orator of genius may want a worthy opponent on whom to exercise the might of his intellect; but the ordinary stump orator is not a man of genius, and is glad to be able to triumph even over half-wits. Hence he should always have a few askers of half-witted questions in the audience who would present the case for the other side in such a way as to ensure its utter defeat. If I were a political speaker, I think I should always manage beforehand the questions I should be asked at the end of a meeting. They would all be questions that I should be able to tear to ribbons, sending my supporters home with a feeling that we had had a resounding victory.

It is not only at street-corner meetings, however, that the craze for asking questions is a conspicuous characteristic of the human race. Our interrogations begin in the nursery—some of them as tricky as any trick question, though we do not know it at the time. As we grow older we find ourselves encouraged by the various catechisms to go on asking questions, though here, unlike the street-corner meetings of later life, we are always expected to accept the answers given to us. In fact, the question is merely a formality leading up to the magnificently indubitable answer. The method of question and answer, however, continues all through our lives to have an extraordinary fascination for us. The man who can ask a question that excites his fellows to the point of trying to answer it is always justly conscious of a glow of triumph. Recently, the Public Orator of Cambridge set half the world talking with a question about the difference between the Oxford and the Cambridge methods of opening a boiled egg. Did Cambridge slowly crack the shell? Did Oxford sweep the top off as with the blow of a scimitar? The question is less than half as important as the question of the immortality of the soul, but the gallant tribe of answerers rushed in with their solutions more eagerly than if the fate of the soul had been questioned. Like many great questions, however, this one has as yet had no satisfactory answer. How does an Oxford man open an egg? What is truth? Is human nature perfectible? On all these issues the ordinary man would answer regretfully that he does not quite know.

Another of the questions that have recently been raised by the trick questioners who write to the *Times* relates to the method of eating peas in the old days of the two-pronged fork. This, too, has created considerable stir in intellectual circles, there being a natural disinclination on the part of decent-minded men and women to admit their descent from people who ate peas off a knife. An eminent surgeon, however, side-tracked the discussion by raising the question whether either a knife or a fork is necessary, and ended by declaring that the only luxurious way to eat peas is from a spoon. Here, again, we have an example of the enormous inquisitiveness of the human mind that is equally happy in its rangings among the farthest of the stars and among the smallest of cooked vegetables—that puzzles itself impartially over the tragedy of mortality and a cracked egg-shell.

In such a question-inventing world it is rather surprising to find a number of politicians denouncing the questions asked on the Peace Ballot forms, which are now being distributed by the National Declaration Committee, as though they were

a proof of some peculiar form of wickedness in the askers. They seem to me as innocent as any questions that have been asked since Eden. My chief difficulty, when I read them, was to imagine anybody, except a Tolstoyan or a fire-eater, answering anything but "Yes" to all of them. I can understand a man being puzzled as to the right answer to a question about the way in which an Oxford man opens an egg, but I cannot understand his being in two minds about the answer to the question: "Are you in favour of an all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement?" Yet somehow the opponents of the Peace Ballot have persuaded themselves that here a trick questioner of great ingenuity and malice has been at work setting traps for simple-minded politicians. I have searched through the questions for evidence of the brilliant roguery of Professor Gilbert Murray, but I have searched in vain. I doubt whether he is cut out for the part of a trick questioner. The man who does not know the answers to these questions ought, it seems to me, to retire from politics. Nature obviously intended him to confine his inquisitiveness to such homely problems as the right way to eat young peas. Y. Y.

THE END OF AN EPOCH.—I

I WANT to suggest that somewhere about 1926 a cultural epoch, having reached its culmination, began to decline, and that about the same time there was born a new epoch, radically different in respect of its thought, its values and its habits.

I am not using the term "cultural epoch" in any technical sense, such as that implied by the Spenglerian mythology, and the date I have selected, 1926, is inevitably to some extent an arbitrary date. Some of the characteristics of the post-war epoch which I propose to enumerate were fading before that date. Others continued to flourish for some years after. With these preliminary observations, I turn to the consideration of two questions. What were the main features of the post-war, pre-1926 period? What are the contrasting features of the post-post-war period which has succeeded it?

The outstanding characteristic of the 1918 to 1926 period was analysis, analysis leading to the disintegration of what was analysed. The pre-war period had witnessed a vigorous reaction against Victorianism. In politics it saw the rise of Socialism, in ethics the breakdown of conventions, in religion the erosion of the old dogmatic certainties, in literature the substitution of realism for romance. Led by Shaw and Wells, the pre-war generation of intellectuals delivered a mass assault upon the solid edifice of Victorianism. Through the ribs of the Victorian lay-figures of respectability and complacency they passed the rapier of satiric analysis and let out some sawdust and a little bran. The primary job of the post-war generation was to clear away the debris of the structure which its predecessors had pulled down, to sweep up the sawdust and the bran.

The *Weltanschauung* of the period was one of disillusionment. The moral sense had been so outraged by the war that it had practically ceased to function. People suffered from an ethical logophobia, and words such as "duty," "conscience," "virtue," practically passed out of the language. Religion was in little better case. "I have no Bible and no creed. The war has shot both out of my hands." Popsy's *cri de coeur*, in the concluding speech in Shaw's *Too True to be Good*, does not overstate the position. For four years the post-war generation had observed and participated in activities which, while directly violating every principle of the official creed of the Western world, received the blessing of its official exponents. Servants of the Prince of Peace of all countries and denominations were swept off their feet in a common wave of enthusiasm in the service of the God of War, while the appalling sufferings of mankind during those four years and three months produced in sensitive minds the conviction either that there was no God at all, or that, if there was, He had forgotten the world He had made and left it to its own devices, or—worse still—that He existed and was mindful, but malignant.

The period was the *floruit* of Freud. In the early twenties the spate of books on psycho-analysis reached its full flood and completed the rout of morality and religion that the war hd begun. Freud assured us that the God of Religion was but a mythical father invented to take the place of the father we had lost in infancy, while the practical effect of the doctrine of the complex was to remove the whole series of those inhibitions upon conduct which the nineteenth century had pretentiously called its morals, on the ground that we must not repress or starve our natures by damming up their well-springs. As for morality, it was only a rationalisation of the impulse to blame other people for living the full and free lives which lack of courage or charm denied to oneself.

The practical effect of all this was a somewhat defiant Cyrenaicism. If there were no point in existence and no principles of conduct, one might as well make a point of enjoyment and a principle of pleasure. If every other gospel had failed, there was at least the gospel of the "good time." Accordingly, men and women proceeded to enjoy themselves on principle, to have "affairs" on principle, and to get "tight" on principle. The more daring embarked on a deliberate course of "sleeping around." The resultant occasional mood of bitter boredom is caught and crystallised in the passage in Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay* where Gumbril and Mrs. Viveash drive round the West End in a taxi frantically seeking the wherewithal to be amused, and ultimately "fetch up" at Shearwater's to watch a physiologist pedalling a bicycle in the interests of science.

The variant of the gospel of pleasure for its own sake is the gospel of beauty for its own sake. The "highbrow" accepts at one remove the life which the "lowbrow" enjoys in the raw, and derives from the artistic representation of the passions the pleasures which the ordinary man obtains from their indulgence. The universities were, accordingly, swept by a new cult of aestheticism, and Oxford and Cambridge burgeoned into velvet and poetry and modelled their affections upon the Athenians. Athletes warred with aesthetes, and the papers rumbled with indignation about the decadence of our universities, as if they were the national bowels.

In the cultural sphere Bloomsbury reigned supreme. Its standards dominated literature, criticism and art. The high lights were Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. *Eminent Victorians* was published in 1918; *Queen Victoria* followed in 1921. They set a fashion in biography which became one of the outstanding features of the time. Among Strachey's numerous followers the rage for "debunking" the past spread like a prairie fire. On all hands, the sound of crackling was heard as the swollen reputations of the last century popped and sizzled in the flames of derisive analysis. Under the withering fire of criticism, even the most formidable figures were observed to shrivel, and the legend of the leader, the myth of the great man, were, or so it seemed, scotched once and for all. The art of Virginia Woolf was no less disintegrative, but in a different sphere. The object of its dissection was the solidities of the Victorian novel raised on its foundation of plot and peopled by its world of characters. Instead, Mrs. Woolf presented her reader with a flux of scenes linked only by temporal sequence and of experiences which only courtesy could assign to the same character. The notion of the continuing psychological self, the self that *has* or *owns* the experience, was, indeed, in a series of notable essays in *The Common Reader*, explicitly disavowed.

The other writers who chiefly enjoyed Bloomsbury's blessing were Lawrence, Joyce, Proust, especially Proust, and later Huxley—writers who analysed, disintegrated and rebelled. The *Nation* was in those days the chosen vehicle of the Bloomsbury school, and the book reviews of Leonard Woolf and the occasional middles of Clive Bell, Roger Fry and Virginia Woolf set the standard of taste for the intellectual world. This was the silver age of post-war literature; it never knew a golden.

Philosophy also bore witness to the disintegrative influences of the times. The period saw the rise of the modern school of

logical analysis. Deliberately abandoning the traditional claim of philosophy to pronounce upon the nature and purpose of things, modern logicians prescribed for it the humbler function of undertaking the logical clarification of thought. When the philosopher sat back in his chair and proceeded to speculate about the universe at large, the results, they declared, told us a good deal about the philosopher, but little enough about the universe. But, if he consents to turn his attention to the function of language, his efforts may be more fruitful.

Bertrand Russell at once typified and expressed the spirit of these years, as Shaw had typified and expressed the revolt of the years before the war. He was at once the prop and the mirror of the opinions of the intelligentsia, and Bertrand Russell was flirting with Behaviourism and expounding Logical Atomism. Gone were the defiant days of "A Free Man's Worship" with their proud vindication of the dignity of the human soul stoically resigned to an ineluctable fate. No longer an ineluctable fate, reality now appeared in the guise of a series of neutral particulars, while the soul was only the name which man gives to his more imperfectly conditioned responses. In Russell's wake there came a thronging train of clever writers to indulge in the popular pursuit of shocking the bourgeois. The little books in the *To-day and To-morrow* series, with their bold speculations about the future and their scathing analyses of the present, achieved a vast popularity. They were in truth the sign manuals of the time. No household with any pretensions to intellect or culture could afford to be without a few of these little purple volumes upon its shelves.

I hope that these scattered observations will serve to convey something of the spirit of the times. It was a spirit sceptical, disillusioned, iconoclastic, analytic. Faith was at a discount, science at a premium. There was no will to believe, but there was a considerable wish to find out, and, since the number of consoling or exalting facts about the universe which can be found out (at any rate by the methods of science) is very small, the spirit was starved.

Only in politics were there purpose and construction. These were the years of the growth of the peace movement and the success of the Labour Party. The former was in part a testimony to the success of the "debunking" tendency which I have already noted as characteristic of the age. In the stream of war books and films which, starting with *All Quiet on the Western Front*, culminated somewhere about 1928 and 1929, war had been "debunked" more effectively, perhaps, than ever before. Nationalist patriotism was at a discount, and the international spirit, vigorously fostered by Wells in *The Open Conspiracy* and *The World of William Clissold*, was for the first time beginning to stir. Men still had faith in the League of Nations, and Germany was apparently settling down at Geneva.

In the sphere of home politics the series of strikes which succeeded the war had come to an end somewhere about the middle of 1922. The ensuing years saw the steady growth of Labour, culminating in the first Labour Government of 1924. The predominant feeling was one of hope. The intelligent young believed that they could improve the world by legislation and that Labour Governments at Westminster could effect the improvement. The keener spirits joined the I.L.P., which was for a time a force in the land. Brailsford was editing its organ, *The New Leader*, which for a couple of years had an international importance. . . . Then came the Labour Government of 1924, followed by the General Strike of 1926. From that time onwards something seemed to have gone out of the Labour movement. It functioned as before; it even increased its vote, but it functioned without the old zest. It was as if a spring had broken. . . . Whatever the reason, the wave of disillusionment which I have noted as characterising the religion, the morals, and the philosophy of the time began presently to spread to politics. Increasingly people began to doubt whether, short of a revolution, Labour could effect any changes that were really worth while, and the outcome of a revolution none could tell. In 1929 came the economic collapse and with it the outlines of a new synthesis began to emerge.

C. E. M. JOAD

Correspondence

SHAW AND WELLS

SIR,—Though I have no further retort for Mr. Shaw, it may be amusing to the reader to quote what Mr. Shaw himself has to say to Mr. Shaw. At the time of the Zinovieff letters, this is how the celebrated guns were banging it in the *Daily Herald*:

> . . . . From the point of view of English Socialists, the members of the Third International do not know even the beginning of their business as Socialists; and the proposition that the world should take its orders from a handful of Russian novices, who seem to have gained their knowledge of modern Socialism by sitting over the drawing-room stove and reading the pamphlets of the Liberal Revolutionists of 1848–70, makes even Lord Curzon and Mr. Winston Churchill seem extreme modernists in comparison.
>
> Until Moscow learns to laugh at the Third International, and realises that wherever Socialism is a living force instead of a dead theory it has left Karl Marx as far behind as modern science has left Moses, there will be nothing but misunderstandings, in which the dozen most negligible cranks in Russia will correspond solemnly with the dozen most negligible cranks in England, both of them convinced that they are the proletariat and the Revolution and the Future and the International, and God knows what else.
>
> I speak from experience; for this is not the first time that such international misunderstandings have arisen. For many years after the death of Marx, Friedrich Engels kept the German Social-Democratic estranged from all the really effective English Socialists because he was unable to conceive that he and Marx, two old men living in the most jealous isolation from all independent thinkers, had been swept aside and left behind by the very movement they had themselves created. Nearly ten years elapsed before Liebknecht and Bebel woke up to the real situation, which was (as it still is) that the living centre of English Socialism was in the Fabian Society and the Independent Labour Party, and not in the suburban bourgeois villa where the survivor of the two great Pontiffs of the Communist Manifesto lived in complete political solitude. . . . .
>
> The Russian writings which make the most favourable impression here are those of Mr. Trotsky; but even he has allowed himself to speak of Mr. H. G. Wells with a contempt which shows that he has not read Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*, and has therefore no suspicion of what an enormous advance on *Das Kapital* that work represents.
>
> It is this amazing Russian combination of brilliant literary power and complete emancipation from bourgeois illusions, with an absurdly superstitious reverence from the early Victorian prophets of the London suburbs, that makes the literature of the Russian revolution at once so entertaining and so hopeless. When even a mind and character as strong as Lenin's was so paralysed by this superstition that when Mr. Wells laughed at the Marxian idols in Moscow he seemed to Lenin to be not exercising one of the elementary critical rights of a freethinker, but simply blaspheming against a divine greatness that he was too "petty bourgeois" to realise, then what hope is there of any understanding for Mr. Sidney Webb (another English writer who has gone far beyond Marx), or for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or may I say for myself? . . . .

I think he says it there for himself plainly enough.

H. G. WELLS

MR. BERNARD SHAW AND RUSSIA

SIR,—Was it by accident or design that Mr. Shaw's panegyric of Russian freedom and the review of Mr. Eastman's *Artists in Uniform* appeared in the same issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION? Whichever it was, you are to be congratulated on having provided the realist corrective to Mr. Shaw's sentimental romanticism. It appears that in Russia, where "any group of public-spirited and able men can organise any public service they like" without let or hindrance from Parliament, landlords or lawyers, not only the Clissolds but also the Shaws have to be organised. While a pistol is applied gently but firmly to the Clissold occiput, artists like Mr. Shaw are induced to put bullets through their own Shavian craniums. No doubt Mr. Shaw welcomes the dragooning of creative artists like himself as a safeguard of the people's liberty, and having read his recent prefaces, I am tempted to agree with him.

International manners are certainly in season, but a little common sense is also useful. Mr. Shaw used to peddle in the latter commodity during the war, but his stock seems to have run low, or to have been exhausted by the exhilaration of his visits to Russia. By all means let us remember our international manners, but why should we indulge in fulsome and untruthful compliments? Mr. Shaw tells us that "Russia is solving all the problems which we are helplessly trying to buy off with doles, to frighten off with

armaments, and to charm away with prayers for a revival of trade." What problems is Russia solving with more success than we are? Russia wants peace just as we do, and like ourselves she seeks security both by arming herself and by joining the League of Nations. If we are frightening anything or anybody off with armaments, Russia is doing exactly the same and more so. Russia wants a revival of world-trade, as we do, and we are seeking to promote such a revival, rightly or wrongly, by Russia's methods of quotas and international bargains. To suggest that there is any radical difference between ourselves and Russia in handling the problems of peace, security and trade revival is simply untrue. Russia has no solution different from our own. If Russia is free from unemployment and the necessity of making provision for the unemployed, this has little or no connection with the revolution. In a predominantly agricultural country any government which pressed forward industrialisation would be free of unemployment for the time being. "Russia is solving all the problems before which we stand helpless." Is she indeed? Has she eliminated degrading poverty? Has she eliminated waste and incompetence? Has she even secured the bare necessaries of life to her people? Has she provided decent housing for her people? The answer in each case is, "No, not yet, but she is going to do so." Russia is trying to lay the foundations of a new social order. Let us hope she will succeed. But it is too early to talk of success. We do not know what kind of superstructure she will rear, nor do we know whether the said superstructure will be worth while in itself, or whether the foundations will support it. There is wisdom in the old adage: Let not him that putteth on his harness make his boast like him that putteth it off. Russia, like ourselves, is trying to solve problems, and finding it a tough job. Why should Mr. Shaw pass off Russian attempts as assured successes, when everyone knows they are nothing of the kind? As to his visions of public-spirited men organising public services as they like, it is pure moonshine. Committees, party lines, a Government in search of scapegoats, are at least as inconvenient and hampering as Parliaments, landlords and lawyers.

Mr. Shaw is anxious to persuade us that the Communist dictatorship does not resemble and, I suppose, has never resembled the Committee of Public Safety. Why should he be so squeamish? Lenin never made any bones about it. He defended the September massacres of the French Revolution, and was prepared to repeat them. Why should Mr. Shaw refuse to attribute to Bolshevism a belief in Terrorism which its greatest leaders have openly professed? As to the discovery that the Communists are organising a democratic Church Militant and an Inquisition, that may impress Mr. Chesterton, but why should Mr. Shaw imagine that this will recommend the Russian regime to the readers of the NEW STATESMAN? I have a great admiration for mediæval catholicism myself, but I do not want to see its worst features reproduced in a modern state.

If Mr. Wells regarded and addressed Mr. Stalin as a second-rate person with a second-rate head, he was of course very rude and very foolish. I do not think Mr. Wells adopted any such attitude. No doubt Mr. Stalin is a real statesman with a unique experience. That is no reason for setting him on a pedestal. His agricultural offensive in 1932 was apparently more costly than Passchendaele. He has made ghastly blunders. Why does Mr. Shaw continue to lick Mr. Stalin's Russian boots in public? The diet adversely affects his judgment, and to his friends, the spectacle is nauseating.

HERBERT G. WOOD

THE STALIN-WELLS CONTROVERSY

SIR,—Surely it will be most regrettable if the only conclusion of your symposium is a quarrel of the eminent. As the matter stands, we only know that Mr. Shaw has the tastes of a tyrant, that Mr. Wells has a dislike of Marx and that Mr. Keynes has a new theory—which we have always known.

It would make the whole question clearer if we knew whether what is objected to by Mr. Keynes and Mr. Wells is the fact of class war, the theory that class war explains everything, or the faith that class war is a good thing if the proletariat gets the best of it. That class war exists, and has existed in the past, is surely undeniable; if Mr. Keynes cares to talk about it to his proletarian neighbours in Sussex, or to any landlord's bailiff, he will find plenty of evidence of intense ill-will between owners and workers. In Spain or Austria he can see the damage, and count the casualties, of war in the most literal sense. The other views may well be mistaken, but they surely cannot be dismissed off-hand, as Mr. Wells dismisses them.

It is the greatest pity that Mr. Keynes cannot tell us what his solution of the economic problem is, and if it is such that it can be enthusiastically accepted by everyone. Unless this is the case he will surely find himself being resisted, perhaps to the point of war, by all those who believe that his solution is injurious to their interests or ideals. And both he and Mr. Wells are in danger, in that case, of finding themselves in the position of President Roosevelt—a leader with a programme and a backing of public opinion, but with no organised political party to act as a supplementary civil service, and to see that his programme is in fact carried out.

Perhaps it is not over-scientific of Mr. Keynes and Mr. Wells, in a world in which class antagonism is one of the prevalent forms of human stupidity and beastliness, to neglect what horrifies them. If a war is going on one cannot make plans on the supposition that either side will listen to reason; there may be nothing better to do than chose the lesser evil and attempt to secure the victory of the party which gives most hope of a future civilisation.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Wells, who has shown himself to be one of our most intelligent military critics, did not develop his thesis of the evident futility of "insurrectionary class war" in the face of modern weapons. Most Communist plans are directed to securing the spectacular defeat of the proletariat in about a week; there is a general inability to realise that the chances of "revolution" are vanishing with the age of the untrained infantryman, and that an intelligent Communism must include a plan for waging a prolonged and very horrible civil war.

For my own part, the conclusion I should draw from such considerations is that the business of an intelligent English altruist is to support the Labour party, by every possible means, in a policy of finishing off class war in this country by bribery and compromise. And if, as we may perhaps infer from his letter, we are to have the support of Mr. Keynes, and his advice on economics, I feel that our chances are very reasonably good.

JULIAN BELL

23 Taviton Street, W.C.1.

ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY

SIR,—Mr. Stonier, in his review of Miss Sitwell's *Aspects of Modern Poetry*, shows something of her obvious debt in her chapter on Yeats to Dr. Leavis; but he adds that the book "does at times, particularly in the chapters on Eliot and Pound, reach a very high standard" (of criticism). Mr. Stonier has clearly no very high opinion of the importance of Miss Sitwell's personal and freakish reactions to vowel and consonantal sounds. Yet without her account of these there is very little left in those two chapters which has not been much better said by Dr. Leavis. The following passages suggest that Mr. Stonier might have found further material for a similar criticism in her chapters on other authors. Let me quote a few examples of parallels between her book and *New Bearings in English Poetry*, written two years ago by Dr. Leavis, whom she constantly attacks (in each case, Dr. Leavis is quoted first, and Miss Sitwell second):

1. (*a*) The poem ("The Waste Land") appeared first in the opening numbers of *The Criterion* (October, 1922, and January, 1923). The title, we know, comes from Miss J. L. Weston's book, *From Ritual to Romance*, the theme of which is anthropological; the Waste Land there has significance in terms of Fertility Ritual. p. 90.

(*b*) The title of this poem ("The Waste Land") which made its first appearance in the opening numbers of *The Criterion* (October, 1922, and January, 1923) is taken from Miss J. L. Weston's book, *From Ritual to Romance*, the subject of which is the legend of the Grail. In this book the significance of the Waste Land is to be found in "Fertility Ritual." p. 125.

2. (*a*) The Tarot Pack, Miss Weston has established, has affiliations with fertility ritual, and so lends itself peculiarly to Mr. Eliot's purpose. p. 97.

(*b*) . . . the Tarot Pack (which has, as we know from *Ritual and Romance* (*sic*) a connection with Fertility Ritual and is therefore peculiarly suitable for the purpose) . . . p. 126.

3. (*a*) The "hyacinth girl," we may say, represents "memory and desire" (the hyacinth, directly evocative like the lilacs bred out of the Waste Land, was also one of the flowers associated with the slain vegetation god), and the "nothing" of the Waste Land changes into the ecstacy of passion—a contrast and something more. (Here follows a quotation of lines 37 to 41 from the first part of "The Waste Land"). In the Waste Land one is neither living nor dead. Moreover, the neurasthenic passage . . . recalls these lines unmistakably, giving them a sinister modulation. (Here follows a quotation from lines 112 to 123 of Part II.) pp. 109–110.

(*b*) In "The Waste Land" the beauty, the radiance, the deep and holy passion of the passage about the hyacinth girl (the hyacinth is

one of the flowers associated with the sacrifice of the Slain God in "The Golden Bough") (here follows a quotation of lines 35 to 41 of the first part of "The Waste Land") will soon be changed to this terrible echo (in "A Game of Chess") (here follows a quotation of lines 111 to 126 of "A Game of Chess," or Part II of "The Waste Land"). pp. 128–9.

4. (*a*) Between "The Hollow Men" and "Ash Wednesday" come three poems published separately in the Ariel series. These show a curious change. We find in them . . . . a kind of inert resignation. p. 115.

(*b*) The next three poems, published separately in the Ariel series, are very different to "The Hollow Men" in mood and in technique; these poems, which are concerned with religion, show no breakdown of rhythm, but a giving up of the will. p. 138.

5. (*a*) . . . it is not surprising that two poets, in the age that has been described, should have learnt to express so subtly by rhythmic means the breakdown of rhythm. p. 140.

(*b*) . . . these (tuneless and broken rhythms) convey the life of a figure moving adversely in a world where the natural rhythms of life have broken down. p. 190.

6. (*a*) The second and third poems introduce the modern world of mass-production and levelling-down, a world that has destroyed the tradition's and is hostile, not only to the artist, but to all distinction of spirit. pp. 144–5.

(*b*) In the second and third poems of "Mauberley" we have the concentrated essence of the present age, the age of machine-made mass-production . . . the age of the stunting and standardising of the spirit, the age which has decreed that the giant cannot reach to heights beyond the stretch of the dwarf, that the dwarf cannot explore crevices and hiding places that are unknown to the giant. p. 191.

7. (*a*) The rhythms, in their apparent looseness and carelessness, are marvels of subtlety. . . . What looks like the free run of contemporary speech achieves effects of a greater precision than can be found very often in *The Oxford Book*. p. 143.

(*b*) Indeed, what appear, at first, to be the ordinary and careless rhythms of speech are, in reality, the result of an extraordinary sensibility of technique; the poet produces, by the deliberate tunelessness, and by the variation between lamed, guttering-down, or over-hurried and feverish rhythms, this age which, mass produced by a too-mechanical rhythm, has, in itself, no rhythm. p. 191.

8. (*a*) In "Yeux Glauques," the next piece, we hark back to the age of peace and prosperity that prepared the war; the phase of English culture out of which the poets of the 'nineties started. Pre-Raphaelite art with, for setting Gladstone, Ruskin and Victorian morality on the one hand and Swinburne, Rossetti and Victorian immorality on the other. p. 146.

(*b*) In the sixth poem, "Yeux Glauques," we have gone back to the spiritual preparations for the present time, and to the discordance (since this is the history of an artist) between the particular morality of Gladstone, Ruskin and "foetid Buchanan" and that of Swinburne, Rossetti and Burne-Jones. p. 194.

9. (*a*) Next, in "Siena mi fe; disfecemi Maremma" we have the 'nineties themselves with their blend of religion, religiosity, aestheticism and dissipation. p. 146.

(*b*) In the next, "Siena mi fe; Disfecemi Maremma" we have the age that resulted from this—the amalgamation of the two moralities in the eighteen 'nineties imaged in the death of Lionel Johnson. p. 194.

And, finally, how's this for your "This England" column?

In this great poet's (Yeats's) veins poetry grew like a rose, unfolding its dark secrets within his blood, colouring his veins with the beauty and richness of its nature.

Fairfax, H. SYDNEY PICKERING
Beckett Park, Leeds, 6.

[Our correspondent in his original letter gives nineteen parallel quotations.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MR. BALFOUR AND THE CROWN

SIR,—Since the editor of *The Esher Papers* did not, unfortunately, live to see the production of the book, it must fall to someone else to enter into discussion with Professor Laski on some points of his review.

I believe that he is interpreting a phrase out of its context when he says:

> Had the King taken Lord Esher's view Mr. Balfour would have been Prime Minister in 1910, on the basis of a refusal by the Crown to create sufficient peers to end interference of the Lords with Liberal legislation.

Lord Esher did record an interview with the King in which he ventured to advise against the creation of peers; and he recorded it without qualification. Nevertheless, everything in the context leads me to believe that he referred to the proposal as the Cabinet was at that moment formulating it: the proposal that the King should promise to create peers before the election, before any specific Bill was framed and had passed the Commons.

Professor Laski omits to mention this scheme of the Liberals, which is described in these papers as "making the Crown a party to their dissolution programme." Such a plan appeared to him as very much bringing the Crown into politics. Consequently the remark in the review,

> Mr. Balfour was prepared for action which would have forced the Crown into politics to defend historic rights

is, in my opinion, highly misleading. It would have been more just to Mr. Balfour and to Lord Esher to state that the measures they discussed were intended only as a reply to a Liberal programme which they considered unconstitutional. The policies of parties can seldom be fairly presented *in vacuo*, but must be related to the opposing policies. P. WESTON EDWARDS

44 Essex Street, W.C.2.

A PEACE APPEAL

SIR,—The response that has been received to my letter, which appeared in the press above my signature asking that men who were determined not to support war, directly or indirectly, would communicate on a postcard with me, has been far in excess of anticipation. I am communicating with those who have sent their names, though it necessarily takes time. I believe that we shall be able to obtain half a million signatures, and I am determined not to act until we know our full strength.

Will those *men* reading this who are prepared to sign the Declaration and have not done so send their signatures beneath it on a postcard to me at the Headquarters which I have been compelled to open at the address below. I hope that men will send me a card whether they belong to Peace Societies or not.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD

The Pavement, Hersham Road,
Walton-on-Thames.

P.S.—The Declaration, for which it is hoped to obtain many more signatures, should run as follows:—

"I renounce war, and never again directly or indirectly will I support or sanction another." H. R. L. S.

SUNDAY CINEMA CHARITY

SIR,—I am afraid Mr. Thurtle is mistaken in regarding the imposition of these payments as the sinister work of the L.C.C. The increase of the quota is an adjustment of an agreement made over a number of years, and the collection of Sunday profits is a statutory duty of the L.C.C. under the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932. Like so many of the duties which the Council endeavours to discharge, it is a duty which it did not seek and it has the privilege of paying all the expenses of collection, as the whole of the considerable sums collected are, without deduction, paid over to the approved charities.

The question of whether such a system is advisable or equitable is not, I am afraid, a matter for the Council. In any case I hope I have made it clear that there has not been any deliberate act of, in Mr. Thurtle's words, "aiding and abetting the enemies of freedom." J. P. BLAKE,

The County Hall, S.E.1. Chairman of the Entertainments Committee of the London County Council

THE SHIFT SYSTEM

SIR,—In your comment on "Shorter Hours and the Shift System" you point out that Trade Unions will certainly refuse to accept a shortening of hours at the price of lower wages, and in most trades the employers will protest their inability to shorten hours unless wages are reduced. You suggest that the only likely outcome of the discussions is some further extension of the shift system, and that the Government probably has in mind some development on these lines. A Departmental Committee was recently appointed under the Home Office to inquire into the working of the two-shift system, and it is now engaged in examining witnesses and collecting evidence. One of the main objections to the continuance of the system under its present conditions is that the Home Office grants a permit only if the majority of the female employees concerned signify their consent. This they not infrequently fail to do, as they are naturally rather chary of embarking on such a considerable change in their habits of life as the adoption of the system involves. I have discussed the advantages and disadvantages of the system at length in my book on *The Shorter Working Week*, and the evidence, taken as a whole,

indicates that the majority of the workers who have tried the system approve of it once they have settled down, provided that there is no reduction of wages. Some firms, perhaps the majority, are careful to maintain wages, but a few continue to pay the same time rates as before, and the consequent reduction of earnings meets with the uncompromising opposition of the workers.

It is to be hoped that the Departmental Committee, when it has completed its sittings, will advise the Government to alter the present system of granting permits. Provided that wages are maintained, the consent of the workers should not be necessary, for it is impossible for workers who have not tried the system over a period of several months to know how it will suit them. It therefore seems reasonable that they should be asked to rely on the experience of those who have tried it. Not only does the system give an immediate increase of leisure averaging 6 or 7 hours a week, but once it is widely established in industry it will be easy to cut down the hours of work from the 7½ a day now customary to 7 or to 6. Later on three shifts of 5 hours each could be substituted, and ultimately, four shifts of 4 hours each. The effect of shift systems on unemployment and the prevention of overtime work needs no comment. H. M. VERNON

ROGER FRY

SIR,—May I through your paper ask friends of my brother, the late Roger Fry, to lend me letters from him which might be of use as material for a biography. I should be grateful if, in sending them, they would indicate if there are any which they would prefer not to have used for publication. MARGERY FRY

48 Clarendon Road,
London, W.11.

WAR PICTURES

SIR,—I was greatly interested to read "Critics" observations last week concerning the exhibition of war pictures at Dorland House, and their effect on the younger generation. I certainly cannot imagine anyone however youthful being inspired with "something like a spirit of emulation" after viewing these harrowing photographs. Admittedly the Cenotaph ceremony might appeal to an unimaginative young man in the same sense as a military tattoo fires the imagination of a boy; but not so the exhibition at Dorland House. These pictures show us the stark and poignant realities of modern warfare, and through them we realise the wasteful futility of it all.

Dorland House made me a stronger pacifist than I ever was before. It will certainly help the peace campaign which Lord Beaverbrook is so anxious to discredit. I am eighteen years old.

Eton College. MICHAEL CROFT

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WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

On page 626 of our issue of November 3, 1934, we published a review by Mr. Kingsley Martin of Volume IV of the War Memoirs of Mr. Lloyd George. In paragraph 2 of this review Mr. Martin used the words "who were even more deceived than the Cabinet by the lies 'distilled' from General Charteris's propaganda department."

It has now been brought to our notice that General Charteris was not then, nor at any time, in charge of any propaganda department. He was in charge of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff at G.H.Q. in France.

Our reviewer had no intention of reflecting on General Charteris's integrity and we hasten to apologise for any unintended reflection on him.

Miscellany

WAR LIES

OLD fashioned in its dramatic technique, Mr. C. K. Munro's new play at the Embassy is horribly up to date in its subject matter. *Ding & Co.* is as topical as if it had been written in 1914. We still have gay young men who accept the patriotic clichés and regard war as an adventure, and more sensitive men who are ready to fight, not joyfully, but because they leave the thinking to others and see the issue simply as a call upon their manhood. (In Mr. Munro's play, Lion, who stands for the latter type, is left after the war, twisted physically and mentally, to live as best he can on his V.C.'s ribbon and the charity of his friends.) Then there are the young scientists who have no quarrel but who, because they belong to different nations, spend their lives inventing more and more unpleasant ways of killing each other. Nor have we rid ourselves of the men whose dislike of war is tempered by the money which it pours into their pockets. (Mr. Munro, I think unwisely, uses this character for light relief: his profiteer is pure farce.) Then most of us know to-day, as we knew during the war itself, young men who see through the fog of lies and refuse to go with the crowd. Robert, the potential conscientious objector in *Ding & Co.*, gives in and puts on khaki, not because he is bamboozled, but because he has not the strength to stand aside while other men are responding to the direct challenge to do and to suffer. Finally, we have not begun to solve the problem of Ding himself—the plausible politician who told the lies for us during the war and whom we should have turned out of office if he had not told them convincingly. It is around the problem of Ding, the man who justified the last war and is preparing us for the next, that Mr. Munro's play really turns.

All these are type figures in *Ding & Co.* As a play it cannot be accounted a success; it has not the detachment and the vigour or the dramatic originality of *The Rumour*. The dialogue lacks wit—the word we use for the compressed intellectual content by which Shaw makes the interplay of ideas itself into the stuff of drama. Mr. Munro's first act is shockingly slow. The second is better, but it is only in the third, in which the heroine, played by Miss Catherine Lacey, makes the best of her one opportunity, that the play comes dramatically to life. It ends with an ironic epilogue in which we are suddenly switched from the technique of conventional three-act comedy into a modern impressionist setting derived from the cinema. We shall not go away from this play deeply stirred by the characters or purged by tragedy; but we can scarcely help being once more stimulated to discuss the problem of values and of practical politics which Mr. Munro forces on our attention.

The central theme is the relation of the propagandist ruler to the individual citizen. To-day we know that most of us were deceived by war lies. The question we ought to ask ourselves is whether we were really wanting the truth. We were, of course, conditioned to such lies by our nationalist education and it is probably fair to say that before the middle of the war the majority of us were hungering for the truth and would have stopped the war had we known it. But we deceive ourselves if we put all the blame on the capitalist or the politician or the propagandist. No propaganda would have succeeded had there not been a ready response in us.

To-day, when we are haunted with the fear of the next war as well as devastated by the results of the last, we are angry at having been deceived. We are shocked to learn from Mr. Lloyd George that during the war we lived in such an orgy of lying that the Cabinet and the High Command were victims of it. It nauseates us to know that any public servant should have invented the story that Germans melted down the bodies of the dead for fat in order to persuade the Chinese, who have an excessive respect for corpses, that the Germans were devils. We are shocked when we learn that the photographs that stirred our emotions during the war were often faked and that the same technique of faking photographs is used by some daily papers even in peace time. The knowledge that our emotions were exploited by such methods in time of war turns us into peace-time pacifists. But it is here that Ding and Mr. Munro have something to say to us. Challenged with his lies, Ding has an effective reply, which I may summarise as follows: "Why do I say that the Germans are barbarians for using poison gas and that the British are never going to use it? Because in order to win the war it is my duty to make all the moral kudos I can out of German barbarity and British humanity. As soon as Great Britain has prepared a viler gas than the German, I will turn round and explain that in the final interest of defence, we must use the gas which a few weeks

ago I described as diabolical. I further the ends of war by making capital first out of our morality and secondly out of our capacity to kill. The end justifies the means. That is how the world is governed. And it is governed in this way, not because I am wicked while common people are good, but because I am very much like the common people myself. You put me in office to tell lies. The test is whether I do it efficiently. To call me an unscrupulous liar is not to defame me, but to congratulate me on doing efficiently what a ruler must always do even in time of peace and what he must do extravagantly and horribly and nauseatingly in time of war." It is at this point that we reach the kernel of Mr. Munro's play. His heroine, Hope, who has seen Ding play on her brother's emotions and send him to his death, admits that even after the war she cannot help despising a very post-war young man who says that he would never fight because he thinks war " silly." She knows he is right; she agrees with him and yet she despises him. Ding, with his loathsome confidence that the world will always be the same damnfool place that it is now, replies that even this la-di-da young man would join up all right when the call comes. " On the day when he refuses to fight and you cease to despise him for refusing," Ding says, " on that day these stupidities, as you know them, will pass away. The remedy is in your hands, not mine."

It is clear that Mr. Munro's play is really addressed to those hundreds of thousands of young men and women who are in Hope's position. If they mean what they say when they renounce war, if they have got rid of this internal conflict, this half-admiration for what they hate, there will be no more Dings and we shall be on the way to a solution of the problem. Mr. Munro does not tell us to go to the psycho-analyst to explain whence this conflict arises—why it is that although our moral sense and our common sense hate war, something primitive in us gloats on its destructiveness. He does not raise the point whether mechanisation and the universal horror of modern war have not so changed its character that they may be enough in themselves to destroy its traditional appeal. He is not a scientist, but a dramatist and a moralist. Some of these young men and women who renounce war to-day will see the problem he presents as one of values and will say that nothing in the world can ever be worth the lying and the killing and the moral degradation of war. Some will see it simply as a problem of social psychology and organisation and will look for the cure in creating a new loyalty that transcends the nation. Others again will walk away from *Ding & Co.* more certain than ever that it is only by transforming the economic order through which Ding has won his power that we can ever get rid of war. But all of them would do well to take Mr. Munro's hint. They too will collapse like Robert in this play if they only hate Ding and his lies and do not get rid of the conflict inside themselves.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MANHATTAN IN A MELTING MOOD

HARD-BOILED New York—that was the legend and perhaps the fact. But a visitor's survey finds the tou gh egg less conspicuous than the soft one. For many years the D'Oyly Carte Company has been frightened to carry its gentle melodies and " period " humour to the cynic's capital, the world of go-ahead showmen and tart wise-cracks, the Peter Arno metropolis. This autumn they made the venture and immediately they were the " Smash-hit." They had songs to sing-oh and New York has taken up the chorus. English Lord Chancellors, Heavy Dragoons, and Pirate Kings were never so popular. Manhattan has been Sullivan-crazy. Even the acid columns of the *New Yorker* handed lumps of sugar to Sullivan and the D'Oyly Carters. The other stuff still goes on, the " Hotcha " business and the Harlem nights. But why should a British visitor go to Harlem when the cream of its talent is to be found at the London Coliseum?

Sullivan rules among the skyscrapers and Mr. Noel Coward's Regency Brighton has had its niche by the side of Broadway, not so immensely popular, but drawing considerable crowds to hear Mdlle. Printemps sing gently of her heart's desire. The backward glance is in favour, and a tranquil comedy about pre-Chuzzlewit America, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, has been much favoured, although Boston, where it was first played, thought this was hopeless stuff for the hard-boiled man. But going in search of one's youth is evidently preferable to looking facts in the face. A love-story about the water-gipsies who trafficked on the Eerie " Canaul " before the railways came offers satisfaction to the sweet-toothed folk who have replaced the hard-boiled. It is pleasant and Plays Pleasant are the vogue. Plays for impuritans do continue and rough stuff like *Sailor Beware* has survived an enormous run. But many prefer the dreams of yesterday, with innocence their bliss.

The nostalgic impulse was satisfied last year by Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness*, with its Edwardian togs and remembrance of a boyhood when Omar and Swinburne were deemed fiery particles. Readers buried themselves in *Anthony Adverse*; now a dramatic critic of distinction, Mr. Stark Young, has offered them just the book they want, another historical novel. It has an aromatic title, *So Red the Rose*. Historical drama, *L'Aiglon*, has raised its head and George Washington is to be staged by the Guild in Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge*. Even *Romeo and Juliet* which, though scarcely a happy play, at least dates depression back a bit, is to have a Broadway showing. Perhaps the Shubert's will revive *Sweet Lavender*. The mood is for turning down the present and dressing up the past.

One turned to George Kaufman and Moss Hart, good " knockers " both, masters of the sour jest, boiled hard as steel. Or so one thought; but their contribution to the season, *Merrily We Roll Along*, is a morality play, informing us that it is all very sad about success; the best-sellers and the box-office heroes are really poor suffering creatures with broken hearts who dive in alcohol in order to dodge the spectre of their juvenile and massacred ideals. The play is about a young dramatist who was going to be a Big Prophet, but his wife didn't care about Prophet's wages and he was nagged into being a Big Broadway Noise, wrote slick comedies, and drew gigantic rewards. So he turned his back on his old aspirations and his old friends and made hellish whoopee on Long Island in order to forget. Such a piece, written and produced and played with great accomplishment, assumes genius in the playwright and that is difficult to prove. The fable scarcely persuades, but one steps out into the stream of Broadway as from a good up-lifting address. We really must not get rich: this is extremely soothing advice for a nation which has recently seen its savings go up in smoke amid the crash of seven thousand banks. If the stock you bought for a hundred dollars now stands at fifty cents, it is just as well to be reminded that you have been saved from moral ruin, losing the cash and discovering the soul. Hats off to Messrs. Kaufman and Hart: they know their job as playwrights; they also have an exact notion of how to time an edifying message.

There was one good tough Manhattan piece about a lodging-house with tough and humorous inhabitants, *Ladies' Money*, by George Abbot. But, despite its efficiency, it was not received with universal rapture; there were some critical yawns; it was thought too familiar. I derived the conclusion that New York is in no mood for the mirror, whether or no the looking-glass yields lively and humorous results. It would rather look at England: the St. John's Wood family in Mr. van Druten's *The Distaff Side* has been in great favour. More attractive still is the vanished England of Gilbertian jingle and Sullivan glee. I did not go to Manhattan expecting to find merry madrigal. But that is the temper. Dining in my company at a restaurant was a gentleman of extreme accomplishment. He could play any tune of Sullivan's on the mouth organ and he did. His offerings were extremely popular and a good time was had by all. That was in the Bohemian air of 14th Street or thereabouts. But, if he had obliged in a similar way amid the select splendour of the Colony Restaurant, he might have given just as much pleasure—except to Mr. George Jean Nathan,

who has assiduously defied the infection of Savoyard Fever and directed the public attention to Mr. O'Casey's *Within the Gates*. Not without success: for that too has a song to sing, and is not, superficially at least, about Manhattan. IVOR BROWN

A PIRATE LASS

THE Christmas season has begun early this year at His Majesty's Theatre, where the production of *Mary Read*, with Miss Flora Robson as principal boy, may be regarded as an amiable overture for parents. Possibly it might have been regarded as something more important but for the lingering influence of Sir James Barrie; for while Peter Pan has been doing his best during the past thirty years to make us believe in fairies, Captain Hook has been no less assiduous in his endeavour to make us disbelieve in pirates—and so successful has he been that the curtain has now only to rise on a pirate ship in a West End theatre for the audience immediately to become as incredulous as though horses' hooves were clattering in the wings or heroines with babies were shivering in the snow. These fashions in scepticism come hard on authors. If aeroplane engines are taken seriously, what should be so comic about horse-shoes? If gangsters are received without a smile, why should we not shudder at pirates? And Mary Read, after all, is not a fiction, but a fact. In Captain Johnson's *History of Pyrates*, you may read for yourself how this real and remarkable woman was passed off as a boy by her mother in the days of Queen Anne for pecuniary profit; how she ran away and served on board a man-of-war; how she carried arms as a cadet in a regiment of foot in Flanders, transferred to a regiment of horse, distinguished herself in many engagements, fell in love with a Fleming, married him, and lived with him till he died; how she then shipped on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, threw in her lot with Captain Rackham and his buccaneers, cut throats, fought duels, and won them, too; and how, eventually, being put on trial with her mates in Jamaica, she astonished the Court of Justice by appealing to its humanity and pleading that they could not put to death a pirate who was *enceinte*. That must have been one of the most sensational trials on record, for no sooner had this confession been made than another pirate entered the same plea. This was Anne Bonny, Captain Rackham's best girl, whom he had taken to sea with him in men's clothes lest temptation should befall his men. The double deception had comic consequences, for Captain Johnson tells us how Anne Bonny, falling in love with Mary Read, secretly confessed her sex, whereupon Mary Read was forced in self-defence to exchange confidence for confidence.

In dealing with this rich adventurous material, Messrs. James Bridie and Claud Gurney have chosen to concentrate rather on the action than on the psychology, judiciously tempering their highly coloured yarn with sombre strands of period sluttishness. For a while the effect is exhilarating, but before the night is out we have begun to suspect this Mary Read's *bona fides*. Where truth is stranger than fiction, truth, even more than fiction, must be substantiated. The opening scenes, which are broadly and brilliantly played by Miss Robson, suggest that we are to be introduced to an astonishing and highly abnormal character. To live the life she led, to deceive the world as she deceived it, Mary Read must have been a prize psychological case. But as the play progresses the authors become rather timidly involved in a campaign to capture our sympathies, putting into her mouth such lines as, "Ned, you can do what you will with me, for I'm only a poor woman," and chivalrously providing her with one lover instead of two. The femininity of this lover, skilfully suggested by Mr. Robert Donat, does not save the situation. Consciously or unconsciously, we feel that we are being given story-book stuff. Therefore, when we come to the pirates, the one thing that could save them from shipwreck is missing. Instead of a Mary Read so dominating, so all-absorbing, so unique that her mates seem merely accessory to her character, here is just a fine pirate lass with lots of spirit. And since it is not enough, down goes the bad ship *Mallard* with all hands.

Could any actress play Mary Read better than Miss Robson? I doubt it. Yet if, during the run of the piece, Miss Robson should unfortunately be taken ill, I suggest that the management should try a little experiment. Let an actor—an unknown actor—be engaged. Let him be billed under a feminine pseudonym. Let the critics be invited. And then let us all hail a great discovery. HERBERT FARJEON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Flowers of the Forest"

Mr. Van Druten is a superlative craftsman who has yet to prove that he is an artist. It may be, however, that *Flowers of the Forest* at the Whitehall is a significant development, for this time one senses a genuine passion behind the talent. He has found something to say, and is so keen to say it as effectively as possible that he risks his craftsmanship again and again.

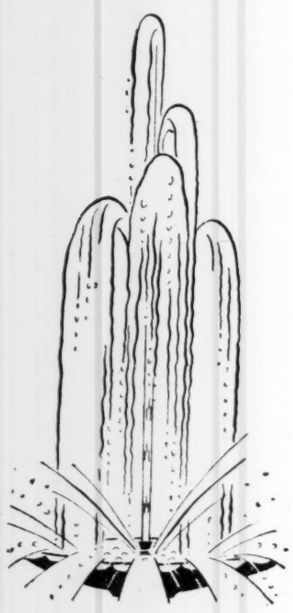
Here is the story. A woman who loved a disillusioned soldier-poet, and in due course forgot him after he had been killed, is reminded of the events before his death and of his last attempt to send her a message of new hope. The message is completed for her by a young man dying of consumption who, in his delirium, "picks up" from the ether the words of the sonnet which was running through Richard's brain when he himself lay dying. His new hope was to dedicate himself to the saving of youth from meaningless, wasteful death.

No theme could better deserve the sincerity which Mr. Van Druten brings to bear on it; and, one is tempted to add, no plot could handicap that sincerity more. Our sympathies are made to veer and shift irrelevantly until the final curtain. Richard himself, in the interlude from the past, is never quite real, and the picture of the country vicarage in the grip of war fever, although it is probably photographically accurate, in its isolation seems an intolerable caricature. It is as if the author for once has lost himself among the machinery—the *tour de force* does not happen. This said, it remains to put

craftsmanship in its place and acknowledge that *Flowers of the Forest*, with all its faults, is the most important piece of writing that Mr. Van Druten has done. It has passion and strength and imagination—all qualities which are sufficiently rare in the theatre to be hailed with delight when they are found. Stephen Haggard, as the consumptive, and Marda Vanne, as a woman whose stupidity has soured her natural goodness, give brilliant performances.

"Three Cornered Moon" at the Westminster Theatre

This is a play about some people called Rimplegar, by a lady called Gertrude Tonkonogy. The action, however, is laid not at Kecskemet or Lumpavolsk but in an American home, and the Rumplegars are a respectable American-born middle-class family, the mother, a foolish widow, three sons and a daughter, all just grown up. They are lazy, selfish and discontented, and suddenly the loss of all their money makes them industrious, brave and good, though they retain that irresponsibility which is (on the stage) so charming. The girl's *fiancé*, on the other hand, is a novelist, an "artist" and the villain of the piece, for he lives on the hard-earned nickels of the others in egoistic unawareness of reality; whereupon the girl very properly deserts him for a practical but unpoetical M.D., and the curtain descends on general happiness. A dreary moralistic little play produced by the crash? On the contrary, the gayest and most delightful farcical comedy in London. Bristling with good lines, and every part an incisive character study. Miss Tonkonogy has a brilliant sense of the theatre, and with the feeblest of plots keeps her audience in a delicious simmer from the first line to the last. Unluckily, the first act is the best. No doubt American actors would dig more out of the dialogue, but it is difficult to believe that even on Broadway Miss Kay Hammond's part could have been better played. Hers was a most thoughtfully comic performance. Mr. Arthur Macrae and Miss Jane Savile acted with great polish, and in smaller parts Mr. Bruce Lester, Mr. John Bailey, and Miss Joan Church were admirable. The actor who played the novelist seemed to me out of key with the rest of the production; he ought to have been absurd, but somehow he was embarrassing; to laugh at him was like laughing at someone feeble-minded. The Westminster is a Repertory Theatre, so go to see this play before it disappears.



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FOR PRESENTS

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Dante à la Mode

At the end of the second act of *For Ever*, at the Shaftesbury, it was still possible to regard the piece as tolerable entertainment, so long as one could forget or forgive the impertinence of naming the hero Dante Alighieri. By curtain-fall the irritation, kept at bay by Miss Margaretta Scott's charm and tenderness and Mr. Eric Portman's fierce intensity of obscure passion, had gained the upper hand. Mr. Noel Langley, the author, has taken the life of thirteenth-century Florence, assumed that it was much the same as that of post-war London, and tried to account for Dante's long and unrequited love for Beatrice on the theory that he must have been an unbalanced hysterical savage. This is wildly improbable history, if a possible basis for situations. But when it comes to a procession of visions rebuking the sobbing poet for Beatrice's death (quite unjustly) and the ghost of Beatrice coming to console him with the assurance that he is really her affinity, even piquancy is lost. There are some striking features of production and the scenery is charming and colourful.

Shaw at Kew

Londoners do not get so many opportunities for brushing up their memories of the early G.B.S. that the present revivals at the "Q" Theatre can be neglected. *The Doctor's Dilemma*, to be followed next week by *You Never Can Tell*, is still admirable entertainment, and less in need of period dressing than many of the early plays Frederick Peisley plays Dubedat with new-found suavity and restraint—a most convincing portrait—and Iris Baker has a spirited sincerity which is refreshing. Ian Fleming and Charles Cameron, among the doctors, keep the satire merrily glittering.

Eastern Odyssey

La Croisière Jaune, the record of the Citroën expedition from Syria across the mountains and deserts of Central Asia, now showing at the Polytechnic under the title of *An Eastern Odyssey*, is quite as good as its predecessor, *La Croisière Noire*, and in every respect one of the best travel-films that has yet appeared. The commentary is simple and unobtrusive; maps and diagrams help us to follow the course of the expedition and, though its final stages, when one half of the party is detained by a Chinese warlord, become a trifle puzzling, this confusion is not enough to spoil our enjoyment. The photography is admirable throughout. Coming by way of Irak, Persia and Afghanistan, the expedition (owing to the refusal of the Soviet Government to grant them passports for Russian Turkestan) were obliged to enter Central Asia via the Hindu Kush and the Pamirs. Pictures of mountain-scenery, even the most magnificent, and of cars fording rivers and struggling up impracticable inclines might in less skilful hands be very dull; but this film hardly includes a tedious second. Sound-effects—particularly the song of the Mongol princess—are put to delightful use in the later episodes.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 30th—
- Dr. J. MacPherson on "The Problem of Jealousy," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- C. B. Purdom on "Is the British Empire Necessary?" Meg's Café, 1 Parton Street, Red Lion Square, 8.
- Dr. Ernest Jones on "The Crime-Free, Pacifist State: Is it an Illusion?" Caxton Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, December 1st—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- British String Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Moriz Rosenthal, Aeolian Hall, 3.15.
- Payling, Albert Hall, 8.
- "Half-a-Crown," Aldwych Theatre.

SUNDAY, December 2nd—
- Gerald Heard on "The Three Psychologies," Conway Hall, 11.
- John McCormack, Albert Hall, 3.
- Mischa Elman, Palladium, 3.15.

MONDAY, December 3rd—
- London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, December 4th—
- Archdeacon W. E. Owen on "Politics, Economics and Missions in Kenya," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Which Road for England?" Conway Hall, 7.
- Bertrand Russell on "Science and Religion," Morley College, 8.
- "The Moon is Red," Daly's Theatre.

THURSDAY, December 6th—
- London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In this age of biographies, it is scarcely remarkable that two lives of Prince Rupert should have been published within three days of each other. There is no doubt a public for one such biography—there scarcely can be for both *Prince Rupert the Cavalier*, by Clennell Wilkinson (Harrap, 8*s.* 6*d.*), and *Prince Rupert*, by James Cleugh (Geoffrey Bles, 10*s.* 6*d.*). There are two shillings difference in price in favour of Mr. Wilkinson—but that, though one of the more important differences between the two books, should not be allowed to be the deciding factor in the choice. The two lives do not supplement each other, but tell much the same story from the same sources, with only a difference of emphasis due to the fact that, while Mr. Cleugh feels at home at court, Mr. Wilkinson is a man of the camp. As such, and as his title implies, he is chiefly interested in Rupert as a cavalry officer and is inclined to make extravagant claims on his behalf. "A charge of dullness may be brought against his biographer (Warburton), but never against Rupert himself," writes Mr. Wilkinson, and no doubt he believes it. Can the leader of innumerable cavalry charges, who rode madly, sword in hand, upon the canting crew of Parliament men, with his scarlet cloak and his long love-locks streaming out upon the wind, and his white poodle, Boye, bounding between his horse's legs, have been dull? Perhaps not always dull, but dull at times? Alas, for me he can, and never duller than in just those moments when he was delivering his one impetuous and frantic cavalry charge which, for all that Mr. Clennell Wilkinson can say, lost battle after battle for his Royal uncle.

* * *

Rupert was an exceedingly handsome young devil, and started his experience of war at thirteen; he possessed that "fierce exultation in battle which is part of the natural equipment of every male creature" to the full—but Mr. Wilkinson would have us believe that he was a soldier not only of dash but genius. The first action in the Civil War, Powick Bridge, was typical. Rupert was with two hundred men who had dismounted and were lying about sleeping or resting on the grass, without a single sentry on duty, when about five hundred parliamentary cavalry emerged from a narrow lane two or three hundred yards away. Rupert jumped on his horse, shouted to his men and charged at a gallop and the Roundheads fled. Every royalist officer except Rupert himself was wounded. But perhaps a real soldier would have posted sentries, have ambushed the enemy in the lane, and then there would have been fewer panic-stricken survivors. Why did the Roundheads run? Because, as Cromwell says in the letter to Hampden, quoted by Mr. Wilkinson:

> Your troops are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. . . . You must get men of a spirit, and take it not ill what I say, I know you will not, of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still.

And, hence, the New Model, the troops raised from East Anglian farmers mounted, trained and equipped by Cromwell. After the appearance of Cromwell, Mr. Wilkinson gets into greater and greater difficulties, since he has committed himself to the impossible task of proving Rupert a greater soldier. According to Mr. Wilkinson:

> Cromwell does not seem to have realised that speedier horsemen would have had any decisive advantage. He does not seem to have grasped the idea of shock. He was no innovator as Rupert—perhaps in spite of himself—most certainly was. And it was sheer luck for him, a miracle of luck, that in his first encounter with Rupert's magnificent light cavalry he got the initiative. . . . The truth is that he was not deeply interested in cavalry tactics.

Holding such views, it must have been a bitter task for Mr. Wilkinson to describe how the Ironsides (Rupert's nickname for Cromwell) "leant upon" and "shouldered the cavaliers off the field" at Marston Moor. What distinguished Cromwell as a cavalry general was not only that magnificent tactical sense which won him Dunbar, but that he could retain control of his men right through the charge and halt them in the moments after it and then wheel them in a body and charge another unbeaten enemy in the flank. At Naseby Cromwell made three such charges, turning his troops through a right angle after each, and so won the battle. Mr. Wilkinson is so committed to glorifying Rupert's "modern shock tactics," that he cannot admit the superiority of troops who, charging "at a good round trot," were sufficiently disciplined to remain on the field of battle until it was won. Mr. Cleugh, not being a man of war, makes fewer claims for his hero as a cavalry leader and admits that:

> The Cavaliers could hardly ever be brought to make a second charge . . . their impetuosity was fatal to their discipline after preliminary victory.

* * *

Mr. Cleugh's book is the better, because he is not concerned to prove too much about Rupert and devotes much more space to telling us of Rupert as a naval commander and as an artist and scientist. As a soldier and a sailor, both in the council chamber and in a fight, Rupert's vile temper prevented his collaborating with anyone. This is admitted by Mr. Cleugh, and is surely the chief reason for the intrigues against him during the Civil War. But while Mr. Cleugh's book gives a less partisan and wider picture of Rupert than Mr. Wilkinson aims at, it is tiresomely written. Thus he tells us:

> The daughter of Henri Quatre had all the dazzling fascination of manner and appearance which distinguishes to this day the typical *grande dame* of Paris.

A dazzling fascination more likely to be felt by such as Mr. Cleugh than by a rowdy grandson of James I. Henrietta Maria was his aunt: his mother was all-too dazzlingly fascinating to please her sons, and Rupert appears to have been attracted by simple straightforward girls with no nonsense about them. Mr. Wilkinson tells us of Henrietta Maria: "They call her Mary, which was easier for their English tongues." Instead of such foolery, we might have been told more about Rupert's development of the mezzotint and his scientific experiments. More light is wanted on the origin of Rupert's reputation as a necromancer, which must surely have been acquired in the three years he was a prisoner at Linz. But even if no light can be thrown on this, surely something could have been dug up about Rupert's experiments in ballistics and chemistry at Windsor and his relations with the Royal Society. One of the things which leads to bad books about the Stuarts is that the people who are most susceptible to the "Stuart charm," rarely share the intellectual interests of so many members of that family.

* * *

King James II, by F. M. G. Higham (Hamish Hamilton, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is inevitably not so much a biography as an expansion of various chapters in the history of England. It is fair, well-balanced and sensibly written. But it is dull and its subject remains an implacably dull, honest man of whom Marvell wrote (as he might have written of his father):

> Prove to the world, I'll make Old England know
> That common sense is my eternal foe.

The quality which still makes James II so dull a man was not stupidity, but his complete lack of elasticity and his obstinacy. He was one of those men who are like crabs or lobsters in their isolation from other people: they are prisoners inside their own carapaces, and do not even moult their prisons once a year. In that respect James was extremely like his father. Oddly enough, these two impossible kings are largely responsible for the unassailable position of monarchy in England to-day. They were so impossible as kings that the English people were compelled to pick up the very institution of kingship and put it high up on a shelf out of harm's way. There, like many other antiques it serves a useful and ornamental purpose and is likely permanently to remain.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

News from the Past. COMPILED BY YVONNE FFRENCH. With an Introduction by SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The English nineteenth century was a promising infant, muscular, pugnacious and poetical. In his adolescence, very appropriately romantic, he was quickly sobered by expanding business and marriage with a pretty and obedient little wife. At forty he was a portly and self-righteous paterfamilias, bullying his children and starving his employees. Soon the march of science weakened his religious faith, and while he still regarded foreigners with proper contempt, he began to suffer from honest doubts. Moreover, his wife was demanding greater freedom. However, his prosperity continued to grow, and at the age of eighty he was complacently looking forward to an increasingly comfortable future. His greed and vulgarity were becoming more and more intolerable, when he fortunately died at the age of a hundred, while engaged upon a squalid and ill-conducted quarrel with a poor and distant enemy. This is roughly how the thirty-four-year-old twentieth century would most probably describe its predecessor's life. But Miss Yvonne ffrench has had the excellent idea of making the nineteenth century tell its own story by means of a series of over 2,000 extracts from English newspapers. It would be easy to find fault with the compiler's choice: there is no reference, for instance, to Darwin or Huxley, and though there are extracts concerning Chartists and Owenites, one would like more material showing the spread of political consciousness among the proletariat. Probably a more lively book would have resulted if Miss ffrench had made no attempt to cover all the most important events, for this has obliged her to include many extracts which merely and dully record well-known facts. The chief interest of the book is in the odd passages which illustrate the gusto and flamboyance of nineteenth-century life: and it is very noticeable that such passages become much rarer in the second half of the period. The reader is left with a jumble of disconnected pictures in his memory: The Prince Regent opening the coffin of Charles I and finding the features perfectly preserved; the Black Prince, son of Toussaint L'Ouverture, giving testimony at a meeting of the Honiton Bible Society; Bond Street Beaux using ochre to give their faces a fashionable tan like that of the heroes of the Peninsular War; a man selling his wife by auction—"I wool give five bob," exclaimed a dustman who carried her off, nothing loth, amidst the hisses of the crowd; the Blackheath pedestrian at his task of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, 2,000 guineas to 300 being imprudently laid against him; 765 houses being pulled down to make Regent Street; a bored verger at St. Paul's stopping the bellows-blower in the middle of a very fine fugue by Bach which Mendelssohn was performing; an Evangelical footman being sacked for refusing to say his master was not at home when he was; bones from Austerlitz and Waterloo being imported for the Yorkshire bone-grinders who had erected steam-engines for reducing them to a granular state for manure; the exceedingly wet weather for the Eglinton Tournament which drenched the banners and plumes; a competition between two dogs as to which could kill a hundred rats in the shortest time, the winner accomplishing his task in 6½ minutes; a duel between General Thornton and Mr. Theodore Hook, the General having praised the dance called the *Waltz* in high terms, and the writer having bitterly reprobated it as leading to the most licentious consequences; the invention of the incubator in 1850 and of traffic-lights in 1866; the burning of tar-barrels in every direction at the Marquess of Hertford's *fête champêtre* from apprehension of the cholera; the arrival of the Siamese twins, evincing the same or increased affection for Captain Coffin in whose paternal guardianship they are; an autopsy upon them forty-three years later, at which they were discovered to have a common umbilical cord; a Cantata being applauded in Paris in 1810, which was applicable to the happy pregnancy of Her Majesty the Empress; Fortnum's advertisement of Gamaroon or Portugal Plumbs, Commadra, Malaga, Turkey and Smyrna Figs, very fine Mascatell Raisins; Anne Moore, aged forty-eight, of Tutbury, who has swallowed no food whatever, either solid or fluid, for the last two years and a half, and from the pit of the stomach downwards is a mere skeleton; a soldier flogged to death at the Hounslow Cavalry Barracks (in 1846); the funeral of Angelica Kaufmann, at which young ladies in white supported the pall, and the body was followed by some of Angelica's best pictures, borne on the shoulders of the mourners; the Lord Chamberlain in 1869, warning managers about improprieties of costume of the ladies in pantomimes and burlesques; and the Black Ball at the Haverfordwest Assembly, of which Lord Milford was Steward, where the rooms displayed sable hangings of crape, black wax lights, ornamented with cypress leaves, and three transparent urns, with the name of the lamented Princess Charlotte inscribed on them, and an unusually numerous company, notwithstanding the gloom of the decoration, danced on the light fantastic toe.

The journalistic style in which the nineteenth century tells its story is a tame and innocent instrument, a mere hurdy-gurdy, compared with the mighty Wurlitzer of the modern popular press. Already the period has a certain artificial glamour, its great men reduced by distance to the pathetic stature of marionettes, its smugness and brutality diminished by an illusion to picturesque absurdity. Yet it would be difficult, I think, for any humane person to read through this book and still wish to have been born a hundred years sooner; the ravages of the Great War were less cruel and far more quickly over than those of nineteenth-century industrialism.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

The Dark Island. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hornet's Nest. By HELEN ASHTON. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole. By FREDERICK ROLFE, "BARON CORVO." *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Landscape with Figures. By BRYAN GUINNESS. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Christmas Party. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Bles.* 5*s.*

"All of the crew rowed fast, but Stroke rowed fastest of all." That old quotation (probably misquoted, for I write far from an Ouida) came unkindly to mind in pondering the general effect of *The Dark Island*. Not, be it said emphatically and at once, that Miss Sackville-West's novel contains howlers or grotesqueries of that type. But it is one of those books where Stroke, in the person of the author, seems to work harder for effects than does the crew of characters. Miss Sackville-West is rather too obviously determined to give each of them just that extra turn of the screw which will make our flesh, or rather our spirit, creep. And somehow, although flesh may be weak and spirit may be willing, there are moments, vital in the novel's course, when both simply refuse to creep.

Perhaps it is the shifts of key or mood in the storytelling. At first all starts quietly enough—the modest Wilson family of Dulwich planning their hardy-annual holiday at Port Breton, a dull frame enclosing the subtle, the all-but ineffable, beauty of the sixteen-year-old daughter, Shirin. But quite soon signs are seen: there is the blood of an injured child on Shirin's dress, and we catch the first glimpses of the island of Storn, that rocky isolated domain ruled by its baronet line of Rangers, the Bretons, and the secret kingdom of Shirin's soul. It very soon dawns on us that Shirin Wilson, Dulwich notwithstanding, is a being conceived and drawn in a different key—she and Storn, Storn and she, are wrought into one romantic amalgam. Much as Miss Sackville-West distrusts the word (and to stress this she even makes someone look up a dictionary to find its precise signification), Shirin is clearly *fey;* and a good many readers, not properly susceptible to the island magic, may find Storn fake. Storn is one of those dark inheritances of an ancient line, to the governance of which its heads are ineluctably devoted from the moment of their conception. And when Shirin, rowed over by the young Venn le Breton, is taken up to the castle it is only natural that she should find there the old and beautiful dowager, his grandmother: "this old woman, beautiful and wicked and good," she thinks, "with a power of charm beyond reason, holds more danger and wickedness, beauty and goodness and wisdom in her than anyone I have ever met." The fatal, perturbing physical beauty of Shirin leads her down a difficult bypath until, ten years after this first landing on the dream-island of Storn, she returns to it as the wife of Sir Venn, the Ranger. The tragedy is that Storn, which in one way is Shirin's and in another is Venn's, at once unites and sunders them; and Venn, under the terrifyingly perceptive eye of the old and ever older Lady le Breton, slowly kills the Shirin he loves, in part by physical cruelty of a quite pathological kind, in part by the virtual murder of her friend; and even if she, in her turn, kills with a kiss in revenge, it is Venn who, posthumously, kills her after twenty years of tempest. Well and good: the sweep and surge of these romantic waves may carry us along, so long as we are not allowed to stop and question too often. But *The Dark Island* has disconcerting intervals of non-romantic explanation

and justification—notably the survey of Shirin's first marriage and her divorce—which lift one uncomfortably on to a prosaic mainland, just long enough to let seeds of doubt about Storn germinate. It is a bold, impetuous, and often beautiful story, and well worth reading; and if only Miss Sackville-West had refused all compromise with a superficial plausibility it might have had in it something of greatness.

Miss Helen Ashton's *Hornet's Nest*, by way of contrast, is safe and sound, a woman's stock-size work of fiction, the neatness of the cut apt to blind us to the commonplace material. It is admirable, really, to find someone who can so convincingly produce a story with a real revolving plot, whirring all the time, wheels within wheels, from an operation for appendicitis in a provincial town's nursing home, and a swab carelessly left in the abdomen of an auctioneer's wife: social jealousies, professional rivalries, quarrels at the tennis club, engagements made and broken, bickerings of nurses, precise glimpses into clinical technique, the discovery of love in a mist—it is all there, with all (or nearly all) the threads picked up and neatly snipped off at the end. So neatly, indeed, that by the time it is all over one has little left to wonder about.

The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole moves to a madder music, madder wine. Indeed, it has no rightful place under this rubric of "New Novels." The creature floats into our day, a fascinating if monotonous monster, a belated derivation from an eighteen-nineties stock belatedly discovered and published in these nineteen-thirties. Mr. A. J. A. Symons sponsors this long-lost romance, and it may stand as a exceedingly curious appendix to his ingenious biography of its author. Like Rolfe's *Hadrian the Seventh*, the book draws most of its strength from the author's projection of his tortured, frustrated personality into the central character: in *Hadrian* he is styled George Arthur Rose; here he is more dexterously named Nicholas Crabbe. *Hadrian the Seventh* can now be claimed as Rolfe's best book: its pathetic day-dream of himself as Pope has a certain wistful grandeur, even in its pettier moments. But the squabbles and backbitings dramatised in this equally ambitious novel are poorer material; the decay of Rolfe in his later Venetian period is reflected in the general conception of the book; and even his fertility in the Urquhart-like coining of words has lessened. The romance of Crabbe and his Albertinesque Zilda-Zildo—a bisexual *trouvaille* of the Messina earthquake—is unlikely to seize and hold the imagination of many readers. As a *roman à clef*, the book is studded with locks to be picked, and no Corvine adept will resist the temptation of tampering with them, to discover such expected figures as Father Hugh Benson, Horatio Brown, Mr. Pirie-Gordon, or such unexpected ones as Lord Rosebery. Self-flagellation alternates with self-coronation, sometimes amusingly, occasionally piteously. There are odd, disconcerting moments when Rolfe seems to be a ghostly precursor, now of *South Wind*, now of *The Apes of God*. But one wearies of those small pedantries ("But no: Kharybdis was at least ten chilometres in front of him.") which betray a little learning awkwardly borne. The novel elaborates, but does not greatly amplify, our knowledge of its author, and even at its most living moments it is somehow pervaded by the sickly-sweet odour of the undertaker's parlour.

Landscape With Figures, if not an original title, is certainly an original novel, and Mr. Guinness has stepped a long way forward from his 'prentice story of a year or two back. The path of his narrative twines and twists, sometimes rather jerkily, but it moves in a way that lets us have clear views of the oddly assorted set of characters—artists, farmers, children—who people his downland scene. Neither Inigo nor Susan nor Paul Webb nor Mrs. Tugwell are people of much moment; but there are spontaneity and freshness in them, and if any small boy wants to run away from school he couldn't do better than learn why and how from Chapter 23.

It has long been recognised that, from a sociable point of view, Heaven has its drawbacks. At the age of thirteen Sir (then Master) Almeric Bellew was deeply affected by a sermon which seemed to lay undue stress on some of these. The sentimental and financial progress of Almeric through forty or fifty years is lightly sketched by Mr. Paul Bloomfield in *A Christmas Party*, and it all leads up to the final chapter, wherein the magnate finds himself, along with Robespierre, Leonardo, and his pleasant Aunt Annie, at a next-worldly party in the manor house of his youth; discovers a possible solution to the problem of a satisfying Heaven; and, in some way, which I freely confess I don't begin to understand, is reborn. The book has brevity, but lacks wit: soul without body, perhaps.

HAMISH MILES

LORD MINTO

India, Minto and Morley. 1905–10. By MARY, COUNTESS OF MINTO. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Lady Minto has chosen an opportune moment to publish this volume, chiefly compiled from her husband's correspondence with Lord Morley during the important five years which followed Lord Curzon's unhappy second term of office. These letters are interspersed with extracts from her own diary, a readable and unpretentious account of Viceregal Lodge and Viceregal tours, as seen from the inside. From them emerges an attractive picture of "Mr. Rolly," steeple-chaser and soldier, who was sent out to India by the Conservatives to act as King Log, and within a few months was proving himself a more enterprising and courageous reformer than his Liberal Secretary of State. When Mr. Buchan put forward this view in his biography of Lord Minto a few years ago, it was felt that he was rather straining a paradox but these further extracts fully justify his attitude.

Arriving in India, with little previous administrative experience except as Governor of Canada, Minto began with few prejudices and merely applied ordinary common sense to India's problems. Because he was essentially straightforward, he had no difficulty in coming to terms with Indian leaders. There is still some truth in Lady Hester Stanhope's remark, "Amongst the English, of all ranks and all classes, there is no man so attractive to the Orientals, no man who can negotiate with them half so effectively, as a good honest, openhearted, and positive naval officer of the old school." Indians recognised in him a certain quality, as they did also in Lord Irwin, which they fail to find in the ordinary English politician and civil servant. Minto saw at once that his staff knew very little about the political India which was organising a boycott against the Partition of Bengal. Within a week or two of his arrival he had an interview with G. K. Gokhale, then leader of the Congress, which was almost as much a landmark as the Irwin-Gandhi negotiations. By the end of a year he had won over that great body of moderate Nationalist opinion which Curzon had deliberately flouted. In March, 1907, he wrote to Morley—

> It was simply marvellous, with the troubles and anxieties of a few months ago still fresh in one's memory, to see the "King of

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(*p.* 109)

Both the White Paper and the Joint Select Committee's Report have been more than careful to present only one side of the picture. Both have bolstered up the old legend, not, we are sure, believed by any readers of this paper, to the effect that the British are very kindly in India for India's good. Some may think that the fact that the average life of an Indian worker or peasant under British rule is only 23 years is "for India's good." We think —and that is why we are publishing on Monday Joan Beauchamp's *British Imperialism in India* at 5*s.*—that this is but one of the hundreds of thousands of reasons why the British raj is one of those manifestations of human greed which stink in the nostrils of decent people. Joan Beauchamp has presented in her book a series of irrefutable and documented facts, which the framers of the new Indian constitution have been happy and content to ignore. We say "happy and content," for the evidence she has collected is available to all who care to look for it; and there will be no doubt in the minds of those who read this book that its facts have been deliberately ignored by those who are charged to do India a little more good than before.

It is the fashion to profess ourselves shocked when judicial corruption shakes the social foundations of other countries. Joan Beauchamp's book will shake, if anything can, our national complacency. Her history of the rise of trades unionism in India in the face of official terror and in the face of the notorious Meerut trial shows British justice to dwell on a lower level than that which railroaded Sacco and Vanzetti to death, and no finer than that with which Hitler or Mussolini keep their unhappy peoples in "order."

Joan Beauchamp has written a book that we expect, alas, will be boycotted by the right-wing press. All the more reason, therefore, for asking your bookseller to sell you a copy.

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Bengal" sitting on my sofa with his Mahommedan opponents, asking for my assistance to moderate the evil passions of the Bengali, and inveighing against the extravagances of Bepin Chandra Pal.

The "King of Bengal" was, of course, Surendra Nath (old "Surrender Not") Banerjee, and it was the beginning of an alliance which kept the Congress critical but constructive, until the third year of the War, when the Government of India began to throw away the work of Minto and Hardinge. It was, by no means, a one-sided conversion. "Gokhale was very interesting, and, I thought, fair. The whole thing is a tremendous problem, and there is a dead wall of official resistance always ready to obstruct anything which can be twisted into meaning interference with British official rights." Minto was equally successful with the Muslim community. Although his acceptance of separate communal representation was to sow the seed of much present and future trouble, it must be remembered that the principle was accepted by the Congress leaders as inevitable. In those days people had not begun to envisage the working of democracy in India.

The reforms for which Minto began to press did not go farther than the inclusion of an Indian into that Holy of Holies, the Viceroy's Council, and that Indians, sent up by Indian organisations, should sit in the Central and Provincial Legislatures. Thirty years ago these seemed revolutionary ideas, but the correspondence shows that Minto was more successful in pressing them through his unwilling Council than was Morley in dealing with the India Council in London—"the veteran steeds with which I have to do my share of our chariot race." Morley, in his old age, instinctively disliked Hindu nationalists. "The real truth is that I am an occidental, not an oriental. . . . I think I like Indian Muhammadans but I cannot go much farther in an easterly direction." Minto appears to have been free from this typically English prejudice, and this correspondence, much of which has not been published before, shows that he was really responsible for that great break with tradition which made the future Lord Sinha into the first Indian Law Member.

These struggles and controversies of a generation ago have their bearing on present-day events. Then, as now, the opposition to advance, or if that is begging the question, to further Indianisation, came from two quarters. The first was what might be called the "trade union element," the officials and business men fearful of their "rights." This is undoubtedly far less important than it was thirty years ago, but as always it is strongest amongst those who, like the India Council, have been longest away from India. The other element in the opposition has little to do with English party affiliations, it comes from a strong prejudice against the educated Hindu. It is based on very little knowledge—the Churchills and the Page-Crofts know as little of India as did Morley—but it is impossible to ignore this feeling. There are, of course, more Hindus in the Empire than the followers of any other religion, and Hinduism should, in theory, be our state religion, but the British Empire fortunately is not logical. The prejudice, however, is there, and while it remains any idea of a real "partnership" will never be much more than the cant of politicians.

G. T. GARRATT

THE MODERN MUSE

Descent from Parnassus. By DILYS POWELL. *Cresset Press.* 6*s.*

We have here five studies in contemporary poetry: on D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, Siegfried Sassoon, and (with the title *Advance Guard*, which should please them) Auden and his followers. All the essays are, before everything else, good, honest work. They employ what may be called the literal method, familiar in French criticism, in this country more uncommon; that is, each body of verse has been subjected to a faithful and minute analysis, designed to answer the question What is it? rather than What is it worth? or even What is its effect? This non-aesthetic method needs something besides pure quality to bite on—it needs some, as it were, solid peculiarity of thought and style. D. H. Lawrence or Miss Sitwell can stand up to it; Mr. Sassoon dissolves lamentably in its grasp, though denigration was not intended; and Mr. Spender is quite crushed beneath Mr. W. H. Auden's less poetic weight.

Subject apart, there is no reason for inequality in this kind of criticism; it demands only intelligence and solid work; it can tabulate, but after all it can say nothing, and therefore there is not much to be said about it. Miss Powell does, however, now and then let fall opinions which err, if anything, on the deferential side. Like so many others, she has yielded completely to the strange mesmeric influence of Mr. Eliot's cold eye, which seems to paralyse the critical faculty. She will charge him with sometimes "forcing a jolt to shake the passenger," but stops short of the real sin—that fatal slickness, that strain of, not obscurity, harshness, or what not, but vulgarity, that makes some of his verse to some palates unpleasant. In defence of his difficult "allusive" writing, she suggests that henceforth "a new learned literature will run parallel to the vernacular writings of Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mr. John Masefield." The introduction of these names, as if there were no intermediate possibility, distorts the question. It would be honester to name, for instance, Mr. A. E. Housman, a learned and traditional poet in every sense, who yet never turns an allusion into an obstacle. That does not mean that he can be made a law for Mr. Eliot. The question is simply whether Mr. Eliot's more ostentatious handling of "tradition" is good in itself, or savours too much of what Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has called the "parvenu intellectual."

Miss Powell's greatest severities are for Mr. Auden: she has a very high opinion of his accomplishment, but does not think quite so well of his moral tone.

> There must, it seems, be a moral renaissance of a violent kind: a renaissance of hardihood and toughness, optimism and noise. . . . Morality has become, not merely muscular, but also athletic; revivalism has joined forces with the public school spirit. . . . With the growing generation the poetry frequently tries to equalise itself: like a schoolmaster in search of popularity, it talks down to its audience. Hence the playing-field boisterousness of certain passages. . . . But . . . the poet is not merely writing down to his public. At times he seems never to have escaped from the pre-occupations of a boy scout.

And in the group as a whole she notes a kind of Buchmanite self-complacency—"poetry becomes the last message of the saved to the lost. Or of games master to under-developed pupil." As for the clamant contemporaneity of these young writers, "too much of the vitality which we admire in them is expended on keeping abreast with the times."

But opinions are the welcome exception in Miss Powell's book. The bulk of it is mere stocktaking, excellently done, but not, perhaps, indisputably worth doing.

K. JOHN

PURE ROCOCO

Café Royal Days. By CAPT. D. NICHOLS PIGACHE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

At least three volumes are needed for a history of the Café Royal. The first would deal with structure—the creation of a Hall of Eblis in Regent Street and the tragedy of its demolition. The second would be an account of its management and organisation, and the third, of its habitués. A fourth might well be added, for Thoughts on Life and such other general meditations as the subject roused. The authors of the first three would, of course, be successively Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, the London School of Economics in collaboration, and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Anybody might tackle the fourth. But Captain Pigache has not been successful in trying to compress them into a single book. The result is a series of notes, popped down with startling disregard of sequence. In trying to include too much, he has left out a great deal that he could surely tell, and that the reader would like to know. Again one asks whether the man at the head of affairs is the best to chronicle his command. The book is as bleak and inconsequential as a Field-Marshal's description of a battle.

To the general reader, the Café Royal seems worth writing about because, changed as it is, it yet obstinately represents a past phase of London life and has associations with art and literature. As Johnson to the Cheshire Cheese and Dickens to the George, so are the confectioners of the Yellow Book and their contemporaries to the Café. Yet Wilde is only mentioned as "last, but not least" in a meagre list of the habitués of his time, and the book contains neither name nor echo of Frank Harris. So much for two of the Café's chief traditions. We are, however, told that among the familiars was "Paul Verlane, the poet, who, it will be remembered, was killed under very tragic circumstances in a train smash in the north of England." No, it will not be remembered. And the alarmed reader will question also the identity of "Yvonne Gilbert," and the statement that Aubrey Beardsley was a member of the "Souls."

A few glimpses are given of the late Sir William Orpen, of Messrs. John and Nevinson, and there are dark limits of nameless cele-

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brities who have been "barred." But the author is not very interested in those clients who could have given his book some value for future research. His genial reminiscence runs rather, in spite of the famous Café cellar, to small beer. Ephemeral glories from the worlds of sport, finance and the theatre flicker spasmodically from his pages. They are ghosts from a past of which "Pitcher" was the supreme annalist, and of him we are only told that he had a moderating effect on the language of his friend "Swears," and that he was "one of the wittiest men," though there is nothing to bear out this last statement.

It is to be feared, indeed, that the book, on its personal side, falls into the error of a great number of contemporary works of reminiscence. Obvious epithets are attached to more or less well-known names, and the authors let it go at that. The page itself is but a superficial expansion of its index. It must be said in praise of Captain Pigache that, with many opportunities, he does not trespass upon privacies and dart into pointless indiscretions, which are the resource of a horde of present-day autobiographers. Might not a test be requisite for such writers, as it is for taxi-drivers? The exercise of their craft is only too often deadly in its way. Those who say either nothing, or nothing worth saying, might be refused a licence, and the reader's lot be happier.

Captain Pigache would get through on the more professional part of his book. The late Arnold Bennett might even have forgiven him a contemptuous reference to Bennett the gourmet, in return for such a wealth of material for the novelist of facts. The management of a cellar, the art of spotting the undesirable client, and of making the desirable one feel that the place was specially built for him, the proper treatment of race-gangs, the detection of theft—everything he says of the business of running a large restaurant-café in London is interesting. Then, if the novelist is also looking for a main theme, he could lift the author's account of the sweeping away of the old Café—a part of the wanton destruction of Regent Street—with the heartrending delays of rebuilding, the mounting up of expenses always just in excess of receipts, the feverish search for financial backing, and failure with rescue in sight. The beginning of the Café, too, under Daniel Nicolas Thevenon in 1864, is another novel, but Balzac had already written it in 1837, in *César Birotteau*.

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T. W. EARP

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

Parliamentary Reform. By W. IVOR JENNINGS. *Gollancz.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This little book has an importance out of all proportion to its size. It is now nearly seventy years since Edward Webster, then in the examiners' office of the House of Commons, made the first serious proposals for the reform of parliamentary procedure; and, since his day, though there have been endless discussions of the subject, apart from new rules intended to meet obstruction, the position stands very much where it did. The great merit of Dr. Jennings's proposals is that they come at a time when members of all parties are in the mood to recognise the need for drastic reform; and his suggestions are concrete and positive. He does not produce general theories of devolution which are simply a mirage; nor does he, like Mr. and Mrs. Webb, propose an unworkable division of parliamentary business into compartments managed by distinct Houses. His scheme retains the essence of what makes the House of Commons a successful institution; and though the changes he would make are radical, they are not more extreme than the urgency of the situation demands.

In essence, Dr. Jennings makes nine pivotal suggestions. He would completely reorganise by enlargement the parliamentary draftsman's office. He would develop the explanatory memorandum which now often accompanies a measure, and embody its essence in the Bill itself. He would abolish the now worthless debate on the financial resolutions, too often a mere repetition of the Second Reading debate. The Committee of the Whole House would go. Its place would be taken by a series of committees, each of some thirty members, and grouped around the departments mainly responsible for legislation. They would deal with the present Committee stage, being supervised by a drafting committee which would do a good deal of the work now associated with the Report stage. These committees, in Dr. Jennings's view, should have the power to hear explanations from departments on their measures, and they would be empowered, where they thought fit, to hear outside evidence of a representative character also. Dr. Jennings, by ingeniously linking the work of these committees to the preoccupations of private members, is able, also, to suggest a way of assuring adequate consideration of the measures they now so largely propose in vain. He seeks to establish a Finance Committee, linked to the Treasury, which shall report generally each year to the House on the character of the Estimates; it is to be, as he conceives it, "a permanent Colwyn Commission and Macmillan Commission combined." Finally, he urges the creation of departmental committees of members, in conjunction with each Ministry, to act in an advisory capacity.

The general effect of the proposals would be immensely to speed up the process of legislation. The House as a whole would consider those general principles which it can alone hope to deal with effectively. Details would be worked out in committees which, as anyone who knows the committees of a local authority will agree, will largely be deprived of their merely party character. The Government will retain its power to control, but its control will be of a more valid character than is now the case. Estimates will be looked at annually as a whole. The private member will have creative work to do instead of, as now, being confined to an occasional speech and long periods of helpless idleness. The departmental committees will be a kind of permanent Royal Commission watching, especially in the field of delegated legislation, the work of each Minister, the general process of administration, and acting as a reservoir where suggestions and criticisms may receive attention more adequate than is now possible.

No review can do justice either to the interest of these proposals or to the cogent arguments by which Dr. Jennings supports them We know, of course, from Mr. Baldwin's recent pronouncement, that the present Government is broadly satisfied with the present

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position of things, and proposes to leave them much as they are. All the difficulties therefore remain to confront any subsequent Government which desires to initiate a wide legislative programme. Anyone who knows the history of legislation in the last twenty-five years must realise that this simply will not do. Parliamentary machinery, from the angle of an effective examination of principle and detail, has broken down; and the first Government which sought to use it at all amply would discover the need to think out the methods by which it must be revised. Dr. Jennings has produced a clear, coherent and precise model which needs immediate attention from the experts in the field. They may differ from particular proposals he has to make, but it is only as they seek to follow the general lines of his plan that they will be able to adapt parliamentary government to the great tasks it will be asked to meet in the next ten or fifteen years.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A RUNNING SORE

The Saar. By MARGARET LAMBERT. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

A host of journalists of one kind or another have been finding their way to the Saar in the last twelve months. Most of these visitors have had very little idea of the history of the Saar since 1918; they have therefore created the impression of a sudden storm when, in reality, there has been fairly heavy weather all along. In Miss Lambert's book, which is both erudite and entertaining, the whole story emerges with accuracy of outline and detail. She shows first how the problem of the Saar nearly wrecked the Peace Conference; the French demands drove Wilson to wire for the *George Washington*, but his gesture was successful in preventing the annexation of the Saar by France. Although the American experts were more friendly than their British colleagues to the French view, the first public monument put up in the Saar after the plebiscite should, without question, be dedicated to their President. For, thanks to his obstinacy, the plan for a neutral regime and a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years emerged. To-day it is strange to be reminded that one reason in favour of the plan was that "supposing, as appeared not improbable, the Spartacists had triumphed and Germany gone the way of Russia, the Saar people would at least not have been forced to put themselves under France to escape from Communism." Miss Lambert does not consider the Saar problem to have been artificially created at this time. "Which ought to be put first," she writes, "the reasonable use of minerals which will, after all, create trade and employment, or the happiness of the population which chances to live above them?"

In considering the fifteen years of League rule in the Saar, Miss Lambert, of course, draws a sharp distinction between the period during which the French "twisted the Treaty" and the subsequent years of really impartial government. "With the accession to power in France of a Cartel composed of parties of the Left (1924), France virtually abandoned her 'spiritual warfare' in the Saar; Germany continued her campaigns unabated." The German Government had bought up the Saar press from the beginning—from that day to this it has always been able to spend without stint on the Saar—and saw to it that nothing but bitter condemnation of the foreign rulers was expressed. It made no difference that a long period of just and benevolent government now occurred. At the time of the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George "said jokingly that, if he were himself on the Commission, he was sure he could induce the inhabitants to want to continue under it." It seems almost a pity this was not tried out; no lesser man could have disarmed those well-drilled newspapers. In the light of recent developments, it is interesting to be reminded that the Catholic priests in the Saar, who always played a big political role, were before Hitler almost more anti-French than the Social Democrats, for they "beheld the cloven hoof of anti-clericalism in everything French."

Miss Lambert considers that the experiment of government by the League has been well justified in the Saar. The Governing Commission has been more able than other rulers to consider nothing but the interests of the inhabitants. The evil effects of their exclusion from all responsibility have been at least balanced by the efficiency of the authoritarian administration. On the vexed question of Mr. Knox Miss Lambert writes: "The more sensible Saar politicians freely admit that their real quarrel with him is because he . . . tries to prevent any victimisation of one side by the other." Miss Lambert dispels the fallacy of three Nazi doctrines which have become favourite weapons in the plebiscite campaign. It is constantly said that the League Government has been financially oppressive; she shows that it is rather the extravagance of their own autonomous communes which has weighed upon the Saarlanders. It is constantly said that the French have been unscrupulous in their exploitation of the Saar mines. Miss Lambert produces the testimony of an English mining engineer to suggest the contrary. Finally, it is said that there would have been no *status quo* campaign had the Governing Commission expelled the hoards of malevolent refugees who have poured in from the Reich. Miss Lambert points out that the Commission has only countenanced about 500 of these dreadful persons. She believes that Germany will win pretty easily in the plebiscite in spite of them; but she considers only one prophecy to be safe—that we must expect "even worse complications after the plebiscite than we are experiencing beforehand."

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PSYCHOANALYSIS

Facts and Theories of Psychoanalysis. By IVES HENDRICK, M.D. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

Outline of Clinical Psychoanalysis. By OTTO FENICHEL, M.D. *Kegan Paul.* 18s.

The Riddle of the Sphinx. By GÉZA RÓHEIM. *The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psychoanalysis.* 18s.

The discoveries of Freud initiated three branches of investigation: they started a new theoretical psychology, a new therapeutic process and a fresh outlook on cultural problems. The literature on the subject in these three fields is now of very large dimensions: a great deal of it, however, is published in the psychoanalytical journals and is not readily accessible to the general public. There is, in fact, so much literature that the inquiring layman may easily read a great deal without reaching the central core of the subject. Of the books under consideration, two attempt to remedy this failing and the third is anthropological.

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The contents of the four numbers published during 1934 were as follows:

JANUARY

Public Assistance	By H. J. W. Hetherington
Recent Theories of Exogamy	„ Edward Westermarck
Prevision in Religion	„ Christopher Dawson
Social Class	„ T. H. Marshall
The Future of Judicial Institutions	„ Sir Maurice Amos

APRIL

The Crisis of Culture	By Karl Mannheim
The Future Population of Great Britain	„ Grace G. Leybourne
Fact and Value in Sociology	„ R. R. Marett
The Psychological Background of Dictatorship	„ Diana Spearman
Physical Anthropology in Britain	„ G. M. Morant

JULY

Economic Science and Contemporary Economic Policy	By G. C. Allen
Migration and Cheap Land	„ Herbert Heaton
The Psychological Analysis of War	„ H. Goldhamer
The Sociological Interpretation of Political Ideas	„ Werner Falk
Divorce in England and Wales	„ David V. Glass

OCTOBER

The Political Consequences of Economic Planning	By David Mitrany
National Spirit and National Peculiarity	„ Friedrich Hertz
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science as it is understood by specialists practising it to-day." He has at least provided an elementary and straightforward account of the new psychology, with special reference to its practical applications. An effort has been made to differentiate observed facts from theories woven round the facts as far as this is possible. Dr. Hendrick's book is written in an orderly and simple manner so that each technical term receives individual attention: there is also a glossary. Some students may be puzzled by the distinction between "compulsion neurosis" and "obsessional neurosis": the former is a psychiatric term and the latter is the psychoanalytical term for a similar condition. It is open to doubt whether the ingenious diagrams of which the writer makes use will be a real help to the student. The book contains an account of the present status of psychoanalysis and it includes a table showing the results of treatment in different types of cases. This table was compiled by Dr. Otto Fenichel on the basis of the work at the Berlin Psychoanalytic Institute.

Outline of Clinical Psychoanalysis is a work of an entirely different character: this is a monograph, by Dr. Fenichel, specially intended for the practitioner or the advanced student and its character is that of a clinical textbook. It is assumed throughout that the elementary ideas are understood and accepted by the reader. The monograph describes clearly what types of cases are suitable for psychoanalytical treatment and why they are suitable. The book has been translated from the German, and the style of the translation is, in places, awkward: for example, on p. 36, we find the sentence, "Too, there are anti-cathexes which manifest themselves in the character of the hysterical persons" and we do not usually, in English, speak of a "twilight state."

The material of this monograph is extremely carefully arranged. The pathology of each different type of mental aberration is thoroughly explained on the classical Freudian basis. Dr. Fenichel does not approve of some modern theorists who believe that the ideas of the child which play a decisive part in the aetiology of neurosis are entirely innate: he says that naturally there are hereditary differences between individual capacities and that Freud has always recognised this. Freud always contended that external necessity, that is the compulsion arising from the environment, creates the mental mechanisms which cause repression. Dr. Fenichel is fully aware that one of the main difficulties in psychoanalytical pathology is to identify the causal factors. A description of the condition of the patient can indeed be given which is far more intelligible and precise than anything which was possible in pre-Freudian psychiatry, but there is still no way of telling what specific factors cause certain ideas to be repressed and leave others unrepressed. There are also difficulties in the theory of the libido. Dr. Fenichel takes us back to Freud's original idea that there is similarity between sexual excitement and the state of intoxication: the individual is, under such circumstances, intoxicated by his own internal secretions. The explanation of the notion of "organ libido," implying the supposition that sexual substances can concentrate in one particular organ, seems to be at variance with physiological facts; as the hypothesis is unnecessary in any psychological theory one is surprised that an authority of Dr. Fenichel's standing should mention it. The libido is a mental and not a physical concept. Further difficulty arises on account of the "regrettable circumstance that we cannot measure psychic quantities," whilst one of the fundamental principles of the theories described is that the laws of the behaviour of the libido are quantitative. Some illuminating descriptions are given by Dr. Fenichel of pathoneuroses and of perversions. He is rather optimistic about the possibility of curing stuttering. Disorders of the individual's character are treated at length in the monograph. These disorders are so common that they may easily pass unnoticed: people who save time or money in small amounts and squander them in large quantities provide typical examples. Generally speaking, it is held that the behaviour of the whole character is modelled on the individual's sexual behaviour.

This book is one of the most careful and authoritative accounts of clinical psychoanalysis that has ever been published: it is to be thoroughly recommended to those who already have considerable acquaintance with the topic and who desire to have further knowledge of the most stable part of the subject.

The application of Freud's discoveries to the field of sociology is comparatively easy: but to apply them convincingly requires courage and judgment. Just as the analyst can perceive easily, in the neurotic patient, ideas of which the patient himself is unconscious, so it is relatively simple to indicate how myths and folk tales and ceremonies are derived from unconscious phantasies. The justification for such assumptions comes partly from the study of comparative mythology, partly from the study of the minds of individual neurotics and partly from the material which forms the dreams of normal members of the population.

Dr. Ernest Jones, in his preface to *The Riddle of the Sphinx*, describes Dr. Róheim as the first anthropological investigator who has a full understanding of psychological medicine. The book consists of descriptions of myths and ceremonies of the Aranda, with psychological interpretations: the ceremonies are described in greater detail than ever before and some unique photographs of them are given at the end of the book. The psychological interpretations are based on dreams which Dr. Róheim elicited from the natives themselves. The difference between Róheim and previous investigators is illustrated by the following quotation:

> That the phallic attributes of these demons are not always discovered can hardly be urged as an objection to my views; for field workers are inclined to neglect this side of their anthropological material. Even Spencer and Gillen and Strehlow make no mention of the fact that demons may be recognised by the abnormal size of their genitals. Yet demons with such attributes are certainly not limited to Central Australia.

Probably the main interest of the religion of the Aranda centres round their singular practice of subincision and the elaborate ceremonies connected with it. Psychoanalysis can demonstrate that there exists a network of ideas associating this rite with the myths and dreams found among the people. The whole totemic system has evidently a sexual nature. According to Róheim, the foundation of the whole culture lies in the fact that the children, up to the age of puberty, live in very close contact with their parents. "The little boy," he says, "cannot cope with the impulses which his mother excites in him and, being injured in his masculine pride when she seems to refuse him, he turns her into a cannibalistic demon." Many of the myths are shown to be related to the vampire legend which survives in Europe. The notion of an anthropophagous demon is more reasonable in a community where parents are in the habit of eating their children and, according to Dr. Róheim, in Australia they do this, p.39. He considers, in passing, that it is more than a coincidence that the

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first missionary to the Melanesians, Dr. Bromilow, who had remarkable success in putting an end to cannibalism, was able to take his teeth out and put them in again.

It is unfortunate that Róheim's method of presentation of his findings does not make it clear to us which particular ideas are consciously accepted by the people and which are attributed to them by psychoanalysis. We get no appreciation of the relationship of the myths and ceremonies to the ordinary life of the Aranda. We would like to know whether these displays in Central Australian culture correspond to our ceremonies in churches and theatres.

The book contains an index, but no glossary, and it would have been made much more interesting to the general reader if a map had been provided. This work of Dr. Róheim is one which no anthropologist can afford to neglect. If the conclusions are viewed by his fellow workers with caution, this will not necessarily be on account of the psychoanalytical outlook; it may be on account of the lack of scientific ordering of the material. Dr. Róheim certainly has the courage of his convictions, but possibly at times his enthusiasm outweighs his judgment.

L. S. PENROSE

HAROLD WRIGHT

Harold Wright. A MEMOIR. Edited by C. ERNEST FAYLE. *Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

Harold Wright. A Memoir, edited with judgment and devotion by his friend, Mr. C. E. Fayle, is made up of remarkable tributes to Harold Wright's qualities by eight contributors. Since it is difficult for those who never met him to grasp the truth and sincerity of these tributes, let us first hear Mr. W. C. Searle on his limitations. "His feet were firmly planted on the earth and the soil was certainly British. He did not worry much about them furrin' parts. . . . There was also in him a certain Victorian distrust of Art and Music. He had no use for the Argive face that launched a thousand ships. He did not see the need for ecstasy and mysticism. On the whole (there were exceptions) he preferred plain men saying plain things in a plain way." Like most Britons, he was deficient on the aesthetic side, but strong in humour. His friends had for him the charm of infinite variety. Even their faults were dear to him. The pedant, the snob, the prig, the dull, the fanatic, the impatient, the conceited, the man on the make, even the man with a grievance and the bore, all appealed to his sense of humour and afforded him, by their peculiarities, scope for that rare and lively banter which was so essential a part of him. This pleasure in other men and their performances was in part the explanation of his success in Cambridge and of his "remarkable University career," "the outstanding features of which," we are told by the editor, "was not even his editorship of the *Granta* and his Presidency of the Union but the range and constancy of the friendships he formed with the men best worth knowing in the University and the influence which, by common consent of those who were up at the time, he exercised on undergraduate thought." From childhood he had shown this quality of inherent sympathy with others, and Mr. H. D. Henderson lays special stress on it in his contribution "Editing the Nation." He says, "For the work of editor his remarkable gifts of dealing with people were an invaluable asset. No one, as all his friends had occasion to know, could be more persuasive, no one could be more patiently persistent in seeing that you actually did what he had persuaded you to undertake, no one could give a more encouraging sympathy, no one, above all, could create a more cordial atmosphere among those with whom he came in contact, so that to help him was a pleasure. . . ." But if Harold Wright's tact and persuasiveness were the weft, "his genius for judgment, sagacity and wisdom" was the warp. In his contribution, "A Partnership for Peace," Sir Norman Angell lays stress on both his tact and sagacity, "revealed again and again in Conferences, discussions, debate, Councils of war (*i.e.* for the prevention of war) which were his daily job for three or four years and a large part of his work at all periods of his adult life. He would have made a great ambassador, a negotiator, a reconciler of differences. . . ."—a view which is confirmed by the writer of the Epilogue, who testifies, "it was not his intellectual qualities alone that made him so good an editor; nor was it merely his strong practical common sense—the sound judgment and common sense with which he met every emergency"; it was the combination of these with his "remarkable gift of dealing with people." The same writer explains, I think rightly, why Harold Wright, with all these qualities, never

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took a position in the front line, but did most of his work in a subordinate role. "He was fastidious in the causes that he chose to serve. They must be idealistic. They must also be very practical. He preferred that they should not be too firmly established. He was not an originator of movements, but he liked to come into them when they were still struggling to be born and to help them through their birth-pangs and growing pains with that steady reasoned optimism of his, before which difficulties seemed to dwindle and opportunities to multiply." As to his steadfastness in his job, we have striking testimony from Mr. H. G. Maurice, the Fisheries Secretary, in VII.—The Friend of the Inshore Fishermen; from Mr. Albert Mansbridge in VIII.—Service for Seafarers; and in XI.—Local Activities, where his multifarious work for Liberalism in Sutton and Epsom are recorded. It is difficult to summarise in a sentence the underlying aim and effect of his career and twenty years' work, the fruits of which were so varied and abundant, but the concluding sentence of this admirable memoir makes perhaps as good an epitaph as one can frame: "By all who came in personal contact with him he will be remembered as the best example they ever met of that 'art of living together, which he himself put first among the objects for which men should strive.'"

EDWARD GARNETT

SHORTER NOTICES

Public Assistance. By JOHN J. CLARKE, M.A., F.S.S. *Pitman.* 6*s.*

Mr. Clarke's *Social Administration Including The Poor Laws* has long been known as an excellent outline of the history, law and practice of poor relief. He has now taken the relevant sections, amplified them and brought them up to date under this new title, giving us an admirably arranged summary of the genesis of public assistance, its principles and the machinery by which it is administered. The book is of course not an encyclopaedia, and the reader must not expect to find in it a full and exact guide to the practice of the Public Assistance Committees. For example, Mr. Clarke gives a list of those "to whom indoor relief, all other circumstances being equal, is given," and he includes in this deserted wives and single able-bodied women and widows without children. In fact these are normally given out-door relief by many P.A.C.'s. But as a summary the book will be of real value to students preparing for examinations, to administrators, and to laymen looking for information on this vast subject.

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Prince Charlie and His Ladies. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Writing passionately and sincerely, as if Jacobite *v.* Hanoverian was still a living issue, Mr. Mackenzie pierces through the tinsel of sentimental romance, and brings Charles Stuart, his friends and his enemies, to life again. Even so hackneyed a story as that of Flora Macdonald is made as real as if it were being told for the first time at first hand. Mr. Mackenzie infects us with the Stuart charm, and even an unrepentant Whig who still believes that forty years of Walpole was better for the nation than a cycle of Stuartry will agree that, in contrast to ineffectual charm, effective solidity seems a humdrum business. Mr. Mackenzie tells the whole story of his hero, from the unhappy marriage of his father to the death of his daughter Charlotte, Duchess of Albany, and if, as the title of the book implies, it is Charles's relations with his womenfolk and theirs with him that claim most of our attention, the story is still the story of the febrile and futile intrigues that were according to Mr. Mackenzie frustrated by the despicable malice of Whig regiphobes. It would be foolish to protest against the ferocity of Mr. Mackenzie's attacks on those who do not share his loyalties, for it is that ferocity that gives to a faded story its renewal of youth.

The Achievement of Afrikaans. By T. J. HAARHOFF and C. M. VAN DEN HEEVER. London: *Gordon & Gotch;* S. Africa: *Central News Agency.* 4*s.*

Two South African professors at the University of Johannesburg have written a little book in English on the achievement of Afrikaans which, strangely, seems to have attracted little notice in their own country. Yet it is a book full of interest, and as the Hon. Patrick Duncan, once leader of the Milnerites in S. Africa and now Hertzog's Minister of Mines, writes in his Preface, the capabilities of Afrikaans "as an instrument for the expression of the whole scale of human thought and emotion in literary forms of abiding value will come as a discovery to many." Shelley was the inspiration of its earlier poets, and now that the young language has attained formal stability it is surprising to find that Afrikaans, possessing more natural dactyls than English, and lighter by reason of many open syllables and more sonorous because of its full vowel sounds, finds it easier to reproduce all the lightness of the Greek particles and of the open Latin syllables. Prof. Haarhoff, the principal author, has translated many of the classical authors into Afrikaans. The little book is a treat for classicists and linguists alike; in everyday life it has this lesson for South Africans as well, that their "success in bringing into life a spirit of national unity in South Africa depends to a great extent on the English and Afrikaan sections learning to know and use each other's language."

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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RESULT OF COMPETITION 244

Set by Gerald Barry

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a fragment in not more than twenty lines from an " Ode to a Belisha Beacon : That it be Cast Down."

Report by Gerald Barry

To be, or not to be ? That was the question which, when I set this competition, was answered in the negative. I asked for " a fragment of an Ode to a Belisha Beacon : that it be not cast down." The idea seemed to me at the time to possess some semblance of literary point as well as the justification of political right-mindedness. But fate decided otherwise. By some mischance the all-important negative was omitted which made nonsense of the theme and incidentally branded its author as an impatient reactionary. " That it *be* cast down," forsooth ! Competitors grappled bravely with the task which I never intended should be set them, lashing themselves into a well-simulated frenzy. But whereas an ode in encouragement of a much-abused sign might have enticed grace and subtlety, a mere " hate poem " produced a sorry crop of the facetiously forcible-feeble. The bulk of this iconoclasm had no heart in it. My sympathy goes out to the unhappy competitors. Only one of them seems to have had the inspiration to divine my real intention, and he, unfortunately, was not master of a technique to match his insight :

> Beacon, thy welcome light
> Aids traffic and helps sight.
> Cars in thousands come and go
> All passing mine ; to and fro !
> Hail ! light so clear, bright and true,
> Shine for all ! Both me and you.

With the rest I hardly know, in the circumstances, what is the proper course to take. Among a poorish lot, William Bliss, Allan M. Laing, Marion Peacock (for a charming conceit, if somewhat off the point), W. Summers, Lester Ralph and Guy Hadley stand out as worthy of special mention : but none, honestly, deserves a prize.

I recommend for first prize Audrey Brodhurst, whose entry is a distinct cut above all others ; and, there being no other competitor strictly worthy of financial recognition, I recommend that the second prize be withheld.

FIRST PRIZE

From " Ode to a Belisha Beacon : that it be cast down."

> BEACON, thou art unworthy of that name,
> Which long hath echoed down the Halls of Fame ;
> Scion debased of that exalted stock
> Which flashed long since from the Idean rock,*
> At smug officialdom's unlovely shrine
> Slavishly sycophant THY light doth shine,
> And at the Arch-Belisha-priest's command
> Thy lamp glows forth in acquiescence bland ;
> Poised like a dot, in damned reiteration,
> Upon each " i " of the Administration,
> Bumptious and ministerially blest
> Thou beamest at Bureaucracy's behest.
> BEACON, by all the Gods of Liberty,
> Of Speed, of Transport, of Efficiency,
> In name of Trade, whose claims have ever stood,
> Upon the summit of the common good,
> In vindication of the Rights of Man,
> Of Owner, Driver and Pedestrian,
> 'Midst zealous rites and solemn execration
> Be thou cast down to ultimate Damnation.

AUDREY BRODHURST

*Aeschylus's *Agamemnon*, I, 281.

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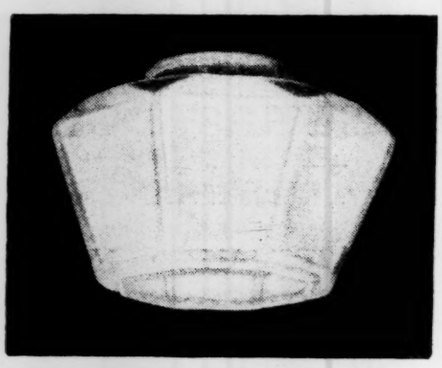

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 101.—THE JUNTA.

" A dictatorship by six of us has its difficulties. Who was to preside at our deliberations ? Fulmen wanted (or professed to want) Cyano, while Pertinax suggested Vindex and Hubris, Brutus. And so on. I suppose that really each of us was hoping to be nominated himself.

" In the end we hit upon a complicated plan. We decided that each of us should have ten votes, and should distribute the whole of these ten votes among the other five members of the Junta. We thought that in this way we should get a balanced judgment. Unfortunately, it proved too balanced ! Ten votes in all were cast for each of the six of us !

" The voting was of interest to our scribes and pedagogues. No two of us distributed his votes in the same way, while the six distributions of ' votes received ' corresponded to those of ' votes given.'

" None of us gave more than 5 votes to any one of his colleagues. Fulmen gave that number to Cyano, Pertinax gave 4 votes to Vindex, and Hubris 4 to Brutus."

How many votes did Fulmen receive from Vindex ?

PROBLEM 99.—FIVEBEAN'S FARM.

If there are x sheep and y bullocks

$$\frac{640x}{128} + \frac{640y}{10} = 5{,}000.$$

or $$5x + 64y = 5{,}000.$$

The integral solutions of this equation are

$$x = 40 + 64n$$
$$y = 75 - 5n$$

But x is divisible by 23, so

$$40 + 64n = 23m$$

The integral solutions of this equation are

$$n = 8 + 23p$$
$$m = 24 + 64p$$

But n cannot be greater than 15 since y would then be negative. Therefore n must be 8.

Hence $x = 40 + 512 = 552$
$y = 75 - 40 = 35$

There are 552 *sheep.*
24 *pigs.*
35 *cattle.*

PROBLEM 98.—STAMPS.

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Six points are awarded.

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In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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COMEDY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! Tues. & Sat.

CRITERION. Journey's End. Tu., Sat.

DUCHESS. Eden End. Wed. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Greeks had a Word For It.

GLOBE. Murder in Mayfair. Tues. & Th.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

ROYALTY. As You Desire Me. Th., Sat., 2.40.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. Tu. & Fr.

SAVOY. Clive of India. Thurs. & Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. "For Ever." Th., Sat.

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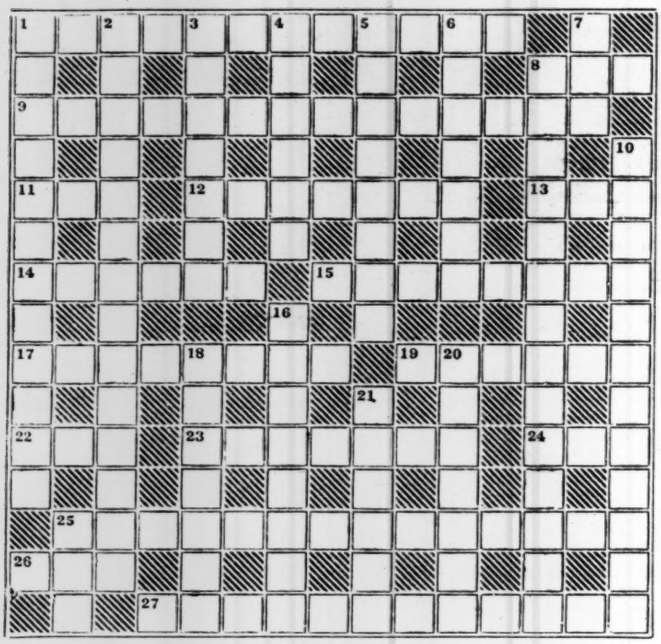
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 247

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Dr. Kenneth Leon, West Drayton Green, Middlesex

ACROSS

1. Drinking set in China.
8. Safety possibly, but not after 7.
9. Griselda's history.
11. A builder takes the tonic back.
12. Devotional calling place.
13. Turned back before 11 to describe coltsfoot.
14. The Ordnance Corps lost their formation rounding the point.
15. Upholds those who lie.
17. Mrs. Bardell's for costs landed her in the Fleet.
19. There's nothing smart in this cellular foundation.
22. Green part of azaleas.
23. In this world brimstone is better with this than with fire.
24. Animal in 2 down.
25. His cure had the sound of asses' talk.
26. However much preferment 25 got, he could not have ruled this.
27. Those who do are given ample time to repent.

DOWN

1. The Gaul who scaled the Capitol might appropriately have said this.
2. Spurious prophetic writings.
3. Good French mule for the lotus family.
4. Makes clock work.
5. Though some people's salaries no doubt are, the revenue authorities take no advantage of it.
6. Teasets often broken up now.
7. Gets collared daily.
8. Is this used in building in the French capital?
10. When "We twa hae rin about the braes."
16. An untheatrical gag provides a muffler for the car.
18. Put Nero's wife on a hill to reform housing.
20. This night's the fifth.
21. A custom of the country.
25. After 26 he could be notwithstanding.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	R	C	H	E	R	S	■	S	N	O	O	K	E	R
F	■	O	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	M	■	N	■	E
F	A	M	I	L	I	A	R	S	P	I	R	I	T	S
E	■	P	■	I	■	I	■	T	■	C	■	G	■	I
C	H	A	R	M	E	R	■	E	A	R	T	H	E	D
T	■	N	■	A	■	S	I	R	■	O	■	T	■	E
S	M	Y	R	N	A	■	N	■	S	N	I	C	K	S
■	■	P	■	■	F	A	D	D	A	■	■	O	■	■
S	T	R	I	C	T	■	I	■	M	A	R	M	O	T
H	■	O	■	L	■	J	A	M	■	U	■	M	■	O
A	R	M	H	O	L	E	■	I	N	S	T	A	L	L
L	■	O	■	S	■	S	■	S	■	T	■	N	■	S
L	E	T	T	E	R	S	O	F	C	R	E	D	I	T
O	■	E	■	T	■	O	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	O
W	O	R	K	S	O	P	■	T	E	A	T	R	A	Y

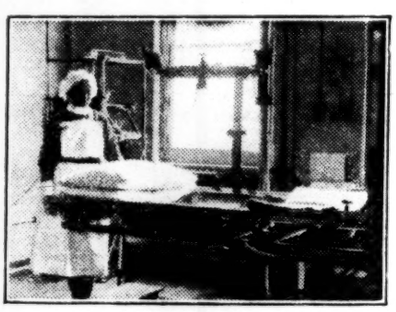
"The attack has left her extremely weak, but that will pass: keep on giving her Brand's"

During those anxious days when someone near and dear is desperately ill . . . during that endless waiting period when an exhausted patient battles for new strength . . . then it is that the gentle stimulus of Brand's Essence often means the difference between recovery and relapse.

In sickness give
BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE
Brand's revives strength

From chemists everywhere

PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



★ *Radiographic Room, showing tilting couch.*

The Cancer Hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work but in the vitally important service of Cancer Research. Every scientific advance—every aid to real efficiency is installed in pursuit of one great aim—relief, care and cure of those afflicted with Cancer. Poor patients are admitted free, and a number of beds are provided for advanced cases who often remain for life.

Please send a special gift to THE EARL OF GRANARD.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD LONDON S.W.3

Charity cannot end where it begins!

The number of charitable organisations claiming our sympathy and help does not grow any less, and each year at the Christmas season appeals from many Institutions, all equally worthy, come tumbling through the letter-box or arrest our attention in the press. It is so difficult for us to make up our minds as to which to support that we are apt to shelve them all and so no organisation benefits. Between now and Christmas there will appear in this paper a series of notes and appeals to guide readers' generosity at this time.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL

No "letters of recommendation" are or ever have been required for the Cancer Hospital, a condition made in 1851 by the original founder, the late Dr. William Marsden, and which is perpetuated by the word "Free" in its designation. To-day there are 130 beds for poor patients entirely free of any charge, and the Out-Patient Department is conducted along similar lines, a Samaritan Fund assisting those patients who cannot afford their travelling expenses to and from the Hospital, and providing free medical and surgical appliances. Apart from treatment, important research on cancer, its origin, nature and incidence, is carried out at the Hospital, which has gained a world-wide reputation, and special Radiological laboratories have been erected for X-ray diagnostic work and X-ray therapy of malignant disease, as well as a department devoted to treatment by means of radium, which has yielded such encouraging results that the Medical Staff are anxious greatly to increase the amount of radium for this purpose should the cost be available. To those of us who have known sufferers from cancer or who dread its appearance in ourselves or our relatives, the work that is being done to find a cure must make a particular appeal. All departments for this work are supported by voluntary contributions, and donations either for medical and surgical assistance or for research should be sent to The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

THE CHURCH ARMY

The Annual Figures just issued by the Church Army show another year of effort and achievement and a real attempt to cope as far as they are able with the problems arising from unemployment and poverty. While politicians speak of "great experiments" in the distressed areas, the workers of the Church Army are dealing with individual cases and helping to turn the "down-and-out" into a decent and self-respecting member of society. During the year ended June 30th they have found situations for 3,826 homeless men, including 43 discharged convicts, and 2,164 destitute women, while many boys and girls have been given a start in life; also they are tackling the problem of providing for the unemployed "black coat" workers, a class presenting peculiar difficulties. But the Church Army must not be regarded only as an employment exchange, for their work covers many other fields. Thousands of free meals and beds have been given during the year; holidays, rest cures and free medical attention have helped many to carry on with their work, and houses have been provided for poor large families, both in London and the provinces, at purely nominal rents. Gifts, both in kind and money, may be earmarked for any branch of the Church Army's work and should be addressed to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION

Although 1934 has been a year of particularly fine weather, there has been a far greater number of lifeboat launches than in any of the past seventeen years. Even during August and September, 113 rescues were made and the total so far for this year is already over 300. Since the Institution was founded 110 years ago about 64,000 lives have been saved. £250,000 is required annually, for besides the maintenance of lifeboat stations, the regular inspection of lifeboats and crews, the substitution of motor boats for the older rowing or sailing types, and experimentation with weights of boats for heavy seas, compensation is made to lifeboatmen injured in the Service and pensions given to widows and dependent children of men who lose their lives in the rescue work. Donations should be sent to 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

LONG before this the Church Army will have laid its plans for making Christmas as merry as it can for thousands of poor families in London and other towns and cities. However, it would be little use laying plans even for so good a purpose as this, if there were not reasonable hope that they would come to fruition. But the Church Army feels that there is a reasonable hope, in that it may rely upon your generosity this Christmas.

Your gift will be welcomed by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY

THESE FIRST...
Please!
"God Bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim
A Christmas Carol (Dickens)
PLEASE REMEMBER OUR TINY TIMS. WE HAVE 4,500 CHRISTMAS DINNERS TO PROVIDE.
Will you help?
WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11.